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No. 453

AUTUMN.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

Bright Summer has sounded her last reveille,
And faded as fadeth all beautiful things;
But oh, my heart loveth to cherish her still,
Even though shadows have tarnished her wings.
I see her troop off with a bird and a flower,
As the Troubadour hastes to his Ladye Love's bow-

Two sisters have parted. Hush! hear their adieus!
Their paths now diverging, no more will they
meet,
Till Summer shall summon her beautiful Muse,
And Autumn to Winter resigneth her seat.
Now reigns she o'er harvesting hearts everywhere,
Like a matron grown thoughtful and flushed with
her care.

How choice are the treasures, how numerous the

sails,
Spreading the Ocean's blue boundless expanse;
How nobly our ships out-rideth the gales!
Some unseen hand guideth, it cannot be chance.
Those bright keels glisten, while plowing the waves,
And thander, perchance, at the deep coral caves.

The kingliest thought that can enter the breast, Is the blessed forecasting for Winter by all; This feathering and filling one's beautiful nest Is answering by mortals Humanity's call. It will open the gates where no Winters abound, And Summer celestial, no reveille will sound.

A Wild Girl;

LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRE TY AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Look on this picture, then on this .- SHAKSPEARE.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other; And so of these; which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them

to probe the mystery of the two counts, Florian Fenn resolved to go. He was prudent for one so young, taking his departure on the day following his meeting of the count at Lilia's, without other excuse to her or her parents than his decime to write his relatives.

out other excuse to her or her parents than his desire to visit his relatives.

He took a deep interest in the welfare of Kitty Kanell, not only because she was Lilia's friend, but on her own account. Kitty had a quality superior to her beauty, her high spirits or great expectations—and that was "charm;" she charmed everybody.

Florian realized that it was time the discovery were made if there was envithing in his discovery were made if there was envithing in his discovery were made if there was envithing in his discovery.

Florian realized that it was time the discovery were made if there was anything in his disfavor to be discovered about the count. To Boston, therefore, he went, and received a warm welcome at his uncle's house.

"You have come just in time, cousin, to go out with me this evening. There is to be a very brilliant reception at one of my friends'," said Elaine, after she had kissed him.

"Will I meet the Italian count, there?"

"Yes, he is one of the stars. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—except what I saw in the paper you sent me. Perhaps you remem-

in the paper you sent me. Perhaps you remember, Elaine, I never did 'freeze' to these foreign noblemen. Adventurers, after rich wives, most You cannot say that about Count Cicarini

His credentials are undoubted. A perfect gentle-man. Handsome, courtly, with a most dreamy and romantic air—I'm free to confess to you, cousin, that I'm more than half in love with him myself. All the girls just rave over him. He's perfectly del."

Florian certainly felt an intense curiosity to meet this delightful person. He hardly realized what a very nice dinner he sat through, nor how lovely his cousin Elaine looked as she floated down-stairs in a trailing rosy cloud of satin

How abstracted you are, cousin Florian! It

has just ruined your manners to become engaged. Quit dreaming about your Lilia and devote yourself to me if you please," pouted Elaine,

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my sweet cousin. I was not thinking, even of Lilia, but about some very important business. Is this the

"Yes, this is the place. Look your handsomest, cousin, and do me credit."
In a few moments the cousins—a very hand-In a few moments the cousins—a very handsome couple they made! were paying their respects to the host and hostess. Then Florian
was introduced to a dozen pretty girls, but he
could scarcely assume his accustomed air of
graceful devotion, which he wore when in the
presence of pretty women, his thoughts were so
bent in another direction.

"Is the count here?" he whispered, as soon as
he could edge around to his cousin's side again.

"He is just entering the room. There he is,
speaking to our hostess."

As soon as you can bring it about, I wish you

"I will bear it in mind."
Fenn's gaze continued riveted on the gentleman who had just arrived, to whom all his new friends were anxious to show attention. He might have been the New York Count Cicarini's double. double. He was about the same age, or a year or two older—had the same grave, deep eyes, olive skin, black mustache and slender figure. Yet there was also a great difference between e two men. Florian liked this one even less



"Alas, madame, I am no longer Miss Kanell. I was married three hours ago, and have run away from my husband."

"Another Count Cicarini?"
The words were spoken as by a man in a

dream.
"Yes, a Count Carlo Cicarini."

A mortal paleness overspread the dark beauty of the foreigner's face.
"Come with me into the recess," he said, as soon as he could speak, leading the way into the curtained nook of a bay-window. "Tell me

'He must be. I am the only heir of my name

"He has deceived some of our best people then. He is engaged to marry a young lady of wealth and position, in a few weeks. If he has been imposing upon her and others, the deception cannot be too quickly made known. To tell you the truth, count, I came here, seeing your name in the papers, to meet you and clear up this mystery, for the sake of the young lady, whose friend I am."

"Describe this person to me please."

"Describe this person to me, please."
Florian did as he was requested, giving many articulars of the other's career in New York.

a violent laugh.
"Pardon me," he said, as soon as he could control himself—"it is an exquisite joke! I could not but laugh. It would seem as if my double outdid the original. It is too good! I know the fellow. The demoiselle he is to marry you say she is very wealthy, young and beau

All three; but a mere child-a girl of sixteen-too inexperienced to judge of a man's

you will be so kind as to do me a great favor, you will come to my hotel with me. I will ex-cuse myself in about half an hour, if you are illing to exchange this brilliant drawing-

"I am quite ready to go with you. I came to Boston to make your acquaintance, count. I will see if my cousin can be provided with another escort, and if so, will go with you at any

In another hour the two men were shut up in the count's sitting-room at the Tremont

When Florian got back to his own bedroom in his uncle's house, and began, deliberately, to think over the two hours' interview he had just come front, he was more bewildered than ever in his life. He had not been conscious of it while at the Tremont; yet, on reflection, he found that the count had gotten from him every particular as to his namesake's doings in New York, the name, residence and peculiarities of Miss Kitty Kanell, her father's business and home address, Kitty's banishment to the convent school, the address of the school, and a hundred other points; while he, Florian, had received no convincing proofs to make it apparent that this was the real count, the other the adventure.

venturer.

"He has completely hocus-pocused me, with his brilliant talk and his insinuating ways. However, I will see him again in the morning. It will be easy to settle this matter now. The impostor will, of course, flee—the real count stand his ground."

It was growing red in the east when Florian finally closed his eyes in sleep.

It was his own brown eyes which opened formed that the Count Cicarini had left very

formed that the Count Cicarini had left very early that morning.

"Where for?"

"His baggage was checked to Philadelphia. We believe he is on his way to Washington."

"Was not his departure very abrupt?"

"We did not know, yesterday, of his intention to leave Boston. His rooms were engaged to the end of the month."

"Well!" said Florian, confidentially to himself, as he went out of the hotel and stood on the pavement, looking as if he had lost his way. "Well! it is more impossible than ever to tell tother from which. I must make my apologies to

from which. I must make my apologies to aunt Appleton, hurry back to New York, and put the police on the track of both of them."

When Florian did reach bis Brooklyn home, he was met with the information that Kitt-Kanell had run away from school, and that i was inferred she had gone with Count Cicarini, as that nobleman had disappeared, bag and baggage, from his boarding-place on Fifth

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRIDE'S FLIGHT. "But where is she now, this night of joy?"

"Dainty maid of high degree, What has the beggar to do with thee? Thy life is morn, and love is May, What has the beggar to thee to say?"

It was ten o'clock of the same evening on which Kitty Kanell had run away from the In a small, plainly-furnished sitting-room on the second floor of one of those little cld-fash-ioned wooden dwellings which still stand on Pineapple street, were a mother and son. The latter had just come in from the street;

snow clung to the threadbare overcoat which he removed as he entered.

"I am sorry you had to go out such a night, Philip. Did you find Mr. Kanell at home?"

"Yes, mother."

The tone of his voice made the lady look up quickly.
"What is the matter, Philip? Do not tell me that you have lost the situation!" speaking with

"No, mother, not so bad as that."

The young fellow began walking up and down His mother watched him with evident unea-

He was a magnificent-looking young man of two or three and twenty, handsome in form and manly in expression. The shabbiness of his well-brushed clothes could not detract from his

Mother, mother!" he cried, after a few moments of restless tramping through the narrow limits of the room. "Why is it that some must feast to surfeiting on all the good things of life while others starve for a crust? Look at you, mother, a lady, once the ruler of a circle of your own—your fashionable friends have forgotten your existence; they do not remember your face when they meet you on the street. Look at me! I must bind all my flery, eager desires within the meager boundaries of my thousand-a-year salary. Oh, if it had been different!

It was some time before a person of as small importance as young Fenn could claim any of the foreigner's attention.

In the latter part of the evening he contrived to be introduced.

"I have had the honor of knowing another Count Cicarini, who has been spending a few months in Newport, New York and Brooklyn. Is he a relative of yours?" asked Florian.

"Another Count Cicarini?"

The words were spoken as by a man in a light of the came down to breakfast, nervous and not half rested; made little reply to the jesting of his cousin about the sudden friendship between on the station about the sudden friendship between on the station as a carly as he thought he should be apt to find him up.

"I may tell you something, on my return from the Tremont, that will make you open those sleepy brown eyes very wide," he remarked to Elaine as he went off.

It was his own brown eyes which opened to her books, telling them for to bother to be test, to lose or win it all.' Mother, Kitty Kanell has run away from school with that foreign count, of his cousin about the sudden friendship between his cousin about the sudden friendship between him and the Italian, and went off to call on Cicarini as early as he thought he should be apt to find him up.

"At her father's house. When I went there with the papers I found Mr. Kanell in a sad state of mind. A Sister had just been there to inform him of his daughter's disappearance and to place in his hand the note she had left pinned to be introduced.

"I may tell you something, on my return from the Tremont, that will make you open those sleepy brown eyes very wide," he remarked to 'put it to the test, to lose or win it all.' Mother, Kitty Kanell has run away from school with that foreign count, of his cousin about the sudden friendship between him and the Italian, and went off to call on Cicarinia's may from school with that foreign count, of his cousin about the sudden friendship between the sudden friendship between the sudden friendship between the sudden friendship between the sudden fri her books, telling them 'not to bother to ok for her—she should be a bride within an

She was always a wild thing. I am not sur-

She was a lovely, witching, wayward crea-"A harum-scarum, slangy, high-tempered little thing, Philip, if she was Dudley Kanell's

daughter."
"Mother, do not say a word against her! I

cannot bear it."

The lady looked at her son in mute surprise.

"I love her—I love her! I have loved her ever since the day I first set eyes upon her, when she was twelve and I eighteen. To me she is everything that is good, lovely, wonderful, charming. If I had been rich—if I had had the ghost of a chance—there is not a man on earth should have getter her away from me. What gnost of a chance—there is not a man on earth should have gotten her away from me. What was the use? A poor clerk in her father's bank—no friends—no prospects. All I could do was to long for her from afar. I do not suppose she is any more than barely aware of my existence, yet she has not been out of my thoughts one moment for years!"

ment for years!"

"Philip, Philip! I am sorry for you."

"Oh, mother, she was so sweet! I would have died for one kiss given freely by her dear lips. There is no other girl in the world like Miss Kanell!"

"My poer feelich her!"

"My poor, foolish boy!"
"She never spoke to me but three times. I knew, all the time, that I was mad—insane! I could not help it. You might as well have adcould not help it. You might as well have advised the sun not to shine as me not to love her. Do you remember the day she came here with the basket of peaches? You were ill—it was last July—and she happened to hear me telling her father about it, and came with the fruit that afternoon. I had come home early to take care of you. How shy and sweet and timid she her father about it, and came with the fruit that afternoon. I had come home early to take care of you. How shy and sweet and timid she was about it! I made her blush I looked at her so. Wild? yes, she was wild. I liked her the better for that. Oh, mother, my heart is breaking. Laugh, scoff, pity, as you will, mother, I tell you my heart will break."

He threw himself down in a chair, leaned his arms on the table, his head on his arms, and burst into deep, slow sobs. His pale, pretty mother—a hopeless invalid to whom this good son devoted himself as few sons would—cried silently as she heard and saw his grief.

It was the first she had ever dreamed that

Philip had lifted his eyes to his employer's beau-He had enough to endure, poor boy, without

The Armorys had once been as rich as the Kanells; but the father's ship had gone down in the faithless seas of speculation—he had gone down with his fortune—committed suicide—and left his delicate wife and young son to do the best left to them after such a disaster.

best left to them after such a disaster.

Mrs, Armory sat silent and distressed for some little time. Shen she made an effort to arouse Philip from his fit of despair.

"Why should Miss Kanell have run away to marry the count? Are there objections to his character? Did not her father approve?"

"I know none of the particulars. I was in the library speaking with him on business when the Sister came in hurriedly, and, in their agitation they discussed the matter openly. I tation, they discussed the matter openly. I could not avoid hearing what was said. I know Mr. Kanell was very angry, for he swore a great oath—a thing I never heard him do before. He said that the count had broken his word of honor."
"I am sorry, indeed, if she has rushed into

marriage with a man capable of that."
"Hark! mother. The bell rung, and now some one is coming up here to us. Perhaps Mr. Kanell wants me."

Philip started to his feet as he spoke. The next moment, a quick, low, nervous knock sounded on the door. Mrs. Kanell opened it, and there stood a shivering female figure, wrapped in a blue waterproof cloak and hood, whitened with the great flakes of moist snow which clump to it.

clumg to it.

"Come in. Who is it?"

The unknown visitor stepped in, closing the door quickly, with a backward glance over her shoulder, as if she feared or expected pursuit, and turned the key in the lock.

Then she threw off her closk, betraying the slim figure, the pretty brown head the great

slim figure, the pretty brown head, the great blue eyes of Miss Kanell.

Kitty's face was white as the snow outside, her hair fell down about it in damp, ruffled masses, her blue eyes glittered with strange, feverish excitement.

Philip made no sound standing staring at her.

Philip made no sound, standing staring at her as if a specter had arisen out of the floor to confront him. Mrs. Armory, in extreme surprise, stood

speechless.

"May I stay here to-night?" gasped Kitty, after a minute. "Oh, you must not refuse me, Mrs. Armory. This was the only place I could think of where I would not be looked for, yet where I would feel quite safe and protected."

"What has happened, Miss Kanell, that you have?"

Alas, madame, I am no longer Miss Kanell. I was married three hours ago, and I have run away from my husband."

Mrs. Armory looked her wonder at the pant-

away from my husband."

Mrs. Armory looked her wonder at the panting fugitive.

"Of course you think it strange," ran on Kitty, wildly. "It is strange!—stranger to me than anybody else! I am a willful, wicked girl, I expect; and am punished for it already. It is my fate to run away," she added, bursting into hysterical laughter. "I had no sooner run away from the convent to get married than I ran away from the one I ran away with! Yet I am not crazy, Mrs. Armory! I am in my sober senses now—whatever I was before—and I tell you I would not have that man find me, tonight, for all the money my mother left me. If he should have been on my track—if he comes here for me—you must hide me from him. Promise me that you will hide me, if he comes for me," she pleaded, catching Mrs. Armory's hands and looking piteously into her face.

"Yes, yes, my poor child. Calm yourself. But why do you not go home to your father? He is your proper protector."

"I was afraid to go to papa. He is so dreadfully angry at me, you see. And then, that will be the first place where the count will look for me." He has the right to demand of pane to give

"I was afraid to go to papa. He is so dreadfully angry at me, you see. And then, that will be the first place where the count will look for me. He has the right to demand of papa to give me up. I am his wife. He will never, never let me go if he once gets hold of me; since it is my money he is after. Papa will say to me—
'You married him against my advice—go with him!—go with him—I wash my hands of you.' Ah, let me stay here!" A blast of wind rattled at shutters and door, causing Kitty to give a low cry and cling to Mrs. Armory.

"You are nervous, my dear child. Compose yourself. You shall remain with me as long as you wish, and I will do all I can for your safety and comfort. Sit down here and let me make

"If you please," shivered Kitty, as her host-ess drew her toward a comfortable rocking-Then, for the first time, as Mrs. Armory went

about setting the tea to draw on the little stove which warmed the room, Kitty, settling back in the chair and glancing about, met the gaze of Philip Armory which had never left her

'I had forgotten about you," she said simply.

"Ay!" thought Philip, drearily, "I am no more to her than the floor beneath her feet."

Perhaps this consciousness angered him. He mid to her sternly:

said to ner, sternly:

"How dare you promise, before God, to love and honor a man, to be his wedded wife, and then, before the day is past, play him a trick like this? It seems to me strange fooling with the sacred things of life. I knew you were wild and willful, but I did not think you fickle and false?"

false."

"Philip!" exclaimed his mother, "is this a time to judge of her actions? Let us wait."

"Thank you, madame," said Kitty, with a new, indescribable dignity which made her lovelier than ever to the man who worshiped her very shadow yet had dared to find bitter fault with her. "I will be able, I hope, by morning, to explain myself, partially, at least. I have been foolish—headstrong. I deserve punishment. Perhaps your son's criticism on my conduct is none too severe. I shall be punished thoroughly—God knows that came soon enough! All my life I shall be punished for my folly. All my life—and I am only a very little more than sixteen."

Tears rushed into Philip's eyes as she uttered

Tears rushed into Philip's eyes as she uttered pale little face leaning back wearily against the cushioned chair, with closed eyes and large drops falling from the long, curved lashes.

A great rage against the man who had made her unhappy took the place of the burning jeal-ousy which had devoured him. He set his teeth

ousy which has devoted the trought:

"If that dastard has injured her in any way I will have it out of him!"

Strange medley of human motives and feelings! A sense of happiness stole over the heart of Philip Armory as soon as he had imagined himself called on to take the place of this girl's reported. To he able to evenge any slight or endured in knowing himself less to her than the

During the sleepless night which followed, the young bank-clerk performed over and over, in imagination, the part of a hero, called to serve the woman he adores.

CHAPTER IX. THE GARDEN TRAGEDY. There comes a black gondola slowly
To the palace in fastival there:
And the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi
Has mounted the black marble stair.

There rustles a robe of white satin:
There's a footstep falls light by the stair:
There rustles a robe of white satin:
There's a gleaming of soft golden hair,
And the lady, frene Ricasoli,
Stands by the cypress tree there.
—OWEN MEREDITH.

COUNT CARLO CICARINI was one of the gayest mance. Not a foot of its faintly-gimmering canals but is thickly strewn with records of love

sionate hearts, warm pulses, and strange romanee. Not a foot of its faintly-glimmering canals but is thickly strewn with records of love and crime.

Count Cicarini was a bachelor, rich, lighthearted and happy—that is, he would have been happy if one episode of his gay life had not chilled and clouded those festive hours which followed after; but who still enjoyed keeping house, as unmarried men do who set up their own establishment. He rented, for a ridiculously low sum, nearly the whole of a gloomy old palace looking down on the Grand Canal. He brightened up some of the rooms with modern pictures, quaint china and costly rugs. He chose one of the great apartments for a diningroom, hanging it with marvelous old tapestries, and here, with accompaniments of lovely flowers and music, he delighted to entertain other gentlemen of similar tastes; nor was he exclusive in the choice of his guests. Artists were always his friends, particularly American artists; he loved their wit and originality. He would have a duke on one side of him whose title had come down from the twelfth century—on the other, a promising young poet, or a gifted painter.

The count was a great favorite with the grand ladies of Venice. No fete was complete if untoward accident kept Cicarini away. He was agay, but he was not dissipated; certainly, not dissolute. The death of his parents had given him full liberty at an early age; yet, though extravagant, he was not a spentifurific.

Ever since he had come into the control of his property he had kept by him a young man of about his own age as his business agent. It would be difficult to exactly define Alberto's duties and position. When his employer traveled he acted as courier: he was not a valet, his duties and position. When his employer traveled he acted as courier: he was not a valet, his duties and position. When his employer traveled he acted as courier: he was not a valet, his duties and position. When his employer traveled he acted as courier: he was not a valet, his duties and position. Whe

presumed beyond a servant's deference when others were present. Carlo confided all his affairs to him, both of the head and heart, consulted him about his list of guests and the menu for a supper, and poured into his discreet ear matters more delicate. Brothers could not have been more confidential than the count and his

It came about, at last, after three or four years of pleasant triling, dividing his time between Venice and some other cities, including Paris, that Count Cicarini fell desperately in love. His passion was a most unfortunate one, and to aid him in overcoming it, Alberto advised him to take a long tour. The count retorted, peevishly, that he was weary of traveling and had seen everything.

and had seen everything.

"But you have not been across the Atlantic.
Why not go to the United States? That might

amuse you, my lord."

And, after several weeks of persuasion, the young nobleman began to make preparations for a visit to that wild, foreign country—"the United States, in the city of New York," where so many talented artists came from; that is, he left Alberto to make the preparations, while he remained plunged in a gloom so deep and unvielding that Alberto really feared that something desperate might occur if he did not speedily go away.

It will not surprise those who know how such things are managed in Italy to be told that the lady with whom Carlo was so madly infatuated, was married. She was very young, very beau-tiful, and forced, by her family, into a political marriage with a duke fifty years of age, actively

marriage with a duke fifty years of age, actively engaged in affairs of state.

Nor was Carlo so much to blame for falling in love with the duchess, since she had first allowed him to see that she was deeply interested in him. Yet he struggled manfully against the current which was bearing him to destruction. Feeling that such a course would make him utterly wretched, he yet consented to leave the place which had such a terrible charm for him, placing himself under Alberto's guidance. Firmly resolved to protect his own integrity and that of the unhappy girl who had been made the victim of family ambition, he even

place which had such a terrible charm for him, placing himself under Alberto's guidance. Firmly resolved to protect his own integrity and that of the unhappy girl who had been urged his agent to hasten his preparations for quitting Venice.

The letters of introduction we have previously referred to had been obtained, letters of credit made ready, passports prepared, baggage packed, and farewells spoken to many friends, when the count received a ticket of invitation to a ball and garden fete to be given by the duke the evening previous to Carlo's intended departure. His very soul was shaken by the temptation to accept the invitation, and thus have the wretched pleasure of again seeing and speaking to the duchess.

In vain Alberto pointed out to him the folly

In vain Alberto pointed out to him the folly of yielding to this wish, begging him to remain at home nor incur the shock to his own peace, of again meeting the woman he hopelessly

adored.

For once Carlo was obstinate, violent, would not hear to reason. He seemed to live only in a dream until the hour arrived when he dressed to go to the duke's ball. Then he became feverishly gay, and set out, in his gondola, in such extravagant spirits that Alberto felt very uneasy. He grew more and more restless as the hours passed. He was afraid his master would be guilty of some indiscretion which would be gullty of some indiscretion which would draw down upon him the suspicion or the vengeance of the duke.

And now a few words about Alberto before we go on with the history of the night's adventures. His mother had been a handsome peasant who brought fruit to the Venetian markets; ant who brought fruit to the Venetian markets; she was too ignorant even to know how to read; but her son early evinced a spirit and ambition quite out of keeping with his humble condition. The elder Count Cicarini had noticed his brightness and taken upon himself the expenses of the boy's education, whom he had placed with the monks, with an idea, probably, of having him choose the priesthood. At his patron's death Alberto had appealed to the young count to take him into his employment, saying that he detested the idea of becoming a priest. Carlo took a fancy to the young fellow, and granted his prayer. Some close observers, of suspicious temper, had remarked a strong likeness between master and man, hinting that this accounted for the late count's interest in the poor boy; but Carlo had never heard these himts, nor had the idea they obscurely expressed ever come into his mind.

He had noticed, himself, that Alberto resembled him. Both were of slender, elegant build, dark-haired and dark-eyed. If Alberto knew, to a certainty, anything peculiar about his origin, he kept his knowledge to himself. In the monastery he had not only been taught many languages, but he had picked up some accomplishments—could sing exquisitely in a pure tenor voice, and play the piano.

"I hought you would be sure to like it!" and Lucy, language is to pout.

"I hought you would be sure to like it!" and Lucy began to pout.

"I do like it, dear. I'm no judge of such traps, but it looks very pretty indeed to me. But, Lucy, I have suddenly been notified that business obliges me to go to Boston by the very mext train, for a few days. So you see I can't go to Mrs. Parrisk's party with you."

"Oh, Harry! What is the matter with with Lucy, look it looks very pretty indeed to me. But, Lucy, I have suddenly been notified that business obliges me to go to Boston by the very mext train, for a few days. So you see I can't go to Mrs. Parrisk's party with you."

"On har Parrisk's party with you."

"Well, I'm sorry, I'm sure. But I needn't miss the pa

He had noticed, himself, that Alberto resembled him. Both were of slender, elegant build, dark-haired and dark-eyed. If Alberto knew, to a certainty, anything peculiar about his origin, he kept his knowledge to himself. In the monastery he had not only been taught many languages, but he had picked up some accomplishments—could sing exquisitely in a pure tenor voice, and play the piano.

That evening, after his master had foolishly yielded to the temptation to gaze into the dark eyes of Laura once more, Alberto felt a presentiment that evil would come of it. He was impelled by some inward power to go after the count, whose gondola not returning, Alberto went out and signaled another boatman.

The dark water of the Grand Canal was jew-

black.

A fountain played in the center of a green plat. The falling water plashed softly into a marble basin. By this basin stood two persons. The light was very dim in this secluded place, but Alberto knew, in a moment, who the pair was, standing there together, looking despairingly at one another. They did not speak or move. They only looked at each other with passion and misery in their bright eyes. The lady's white satin dress made her appear like one of the statues placed about. The diamonds in her gold hair glittered like fire-flies. The sweet face was white as death.

"Laura," murmured the count, "farewell."
It was all he said. He did not even attempt to touch the hand she half held out to him.
Then Alberto saw what the hapless lovers did

Then Alberto saw what the hapless lovers did of see, gave a cry of warning, and sprung to twe his master. He was too late. The poniard save his master. He was too late. The poniard of the jealous duke had pierced the count's back, who fell face forward without a moan or struggle. The duchess remained spellbound with horror. The duke, in his rage, did not even perceive there was a witness to his deed. He caught up the body of his rival, dragged it by the shoulders along the alley of orange-flowers and roses until he came to the door in the wall; then, without pausing to rest, inspired by furw with a giant's strength, he jerked the count with a giant's strength, he jerked the count brough, and, the next instant, Alberto, para yzed with the shock, heard the dull splash in the canal which told what had been done to hide

A Word Regretted.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

AMD the perfume of tuberoses, myrtle and orange-blossoms, with the shimmer of white satin, and the soft rustle of silken robes and fluttering fans, Harry Butler and Lucy Gilmore stood before the altar in the stately church, and

But Lucy was wild to go. And thinking he with her, Harry consented. Lucy would be with her, Harry consented. Lucy gleefully set about having a dress prepared, the prettiest she could devise

It had just been brought in on the afternoon before the party, and Lucy was admiring it when Harry returned home.

"Why, what brought you so early?" she cried.
"Just look at my dress! Isn't it pretty! Isn't
this peach-blossom shade exquisite?"
"Very pretty," confessed Harry, gravely,
taking her hands in his. "Would you be very
much disappointed if you did not wear it tonight?"

Would I! Of course I would! But I shall

"I hope you will not, Lucy, love."
"Why, Harry! What is the matter with
ou? I thought you would be sure to like it!"

went out and signaled another boatman.

The dark water of the Grand Canal was jeweled with fitful starlight as the gondolier pulled his boat easily along the path to the duke's palace.

The dark water of the Grand Canal was jeweled with fitful starlight as the gondolier pulled his boat easily along the path to the duke's palace.

in her own room, where she missed her kind husband bitterly, for this was the first night he had spent away from her since their marriage. How little was she prepared for the blow which fell next day, when she received a note from Harry, dated Boston, and running thus:

from Harry, dated Boston, and running thus:

"Dear Lucy:—Since you never wish to see me again, I will trouble you never more. My business in Boston will be finished to-day, and then I shall leave, to go far away—where, you will not care to know. I have arranged with the firm to pay you a share of the proceeds, so you will have enough to live upon. You had better rent our house, and return to your father—he will gladly receive you. It is not likely we shall ever meet again, so may God bless you, and good-by forever, since it is your own wish.

Lycy read this letter twice before she could

Lucy read this letter twice before she could realize its contents. Then, with a loud cry of terror and despair, she flung up her arms, and fell to the floor, senseless.

fell to the floor, senseless.

Lonely and repentant she went back to her father's house, the old, merry spirit quite vanished. Week after week she longed for news from Harry, but not the smallest clew ever reached her. She began to believe him dead, and it was all her friends could do, to prevent her from putting on mourning weeks.

one it was all her friends could do, to prevent her from putting on mourning weeds. One day, nearly a year after Harry left, as Lucy returned from a ride with her mother, a long, narrow, yellow envelope was put into her hand. A telegram!" she cried, breathlessly, tear-

ing it open. It ran thus: "Boston, Revere House, May 10, 18—. "May 10, 18—. "May 10, 18—. "Mrs. Butler:—Your busband lies very low at this place. Come at once if you wish to see him. "H. Preston, M. D."

In three hours after the reception of the dis-

In three hours after the reception of the dispatch Lucy was steaming along for Boston, with her father.

It seemed to her they would never get there. But at last the hotel was reached, and they were met by Dr. Preston.

"Oh, how is Harry?" gasped Lucy.

"Better to-day," answered the doctor. "Don't agitate yourself, I beg, dear madam. Perhaps you had better go up alone, at first. Too many persons might prove exciting."

So while her father waited in the parlor, Lucy went up to Harry. The room was dark-

Lucy went up to Harry. The room was dark-ened, so at firstshe scarcely saw the form which lay on a pallet of comforts and pillows upon the floor.

Without stopping to wonder why this was, Lucy fell on her knees, and flung her arms around him, sobbing out:

"Oh, Harry! Harry! My darling, darling, I have got you at last!"

"Did you want me, Lucy?" asked a feeble

voice.
"Oh, yes! yes! Always! Oh, Harry, don't
die! Live and forgive me for those cruel, cruel
words! I never meant them, Harry, never! Do
forgive me!"
"If I do, may I come back to you, and live

"If I do, may I come back to you, and live with and love you?"

"Yes! yes! A thousand times! Oh, Harry, don't die! Don't leave me again!"

"Well, I guess I won't!" exclaimed that young scamp, springing to his feet and clasping Lucy in his arms, where she almost fainted again with enviries.

"But, Harry, haven't you been sick?" she isked, a little later.

"Yes, a few days. Not very badly, though,"

"But the dispatch said you were very low."

"Well, didn't you find me so—on the floor?

I couldn't get any lower, you see. It was a ruse,

ey, with Doctor Preston's help, to brin Won't you forgive it, dear, and let us e happy again?"
Poor little Lucy had suffered too much to reo happy as Lucy, unless it were Lucy's hus-

GOOD-BY!

BY WM. W. LONG. The day drifts by and fades away— This sweetest, saddest Autumn day

So sweet because I love you so—So sad, because from me you go. Yes, from my side you drift away, As clouds drift onward o'er the bay. Oh! kiss me! let me clasp your hand. While yet the sunlight fills the land!

The Lamb and the Wolf;

The Heiress of Llangorren Court. BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "SPECTER BARQUE," "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XXII.

HAVING passed out through the gate, Rogier urns along the wall; and, proceeding at a brisk pace to where it ends in an angle, there comes to

"Thore you will not, Lozy, love."
"Why, Harry! What is the matter with it you! I thought you would be sure to like it!"
and Largy legan to pour.
The pour legan to p

Arrived at the marble stairs which led down into the water from the grand building where the ball was going on, Alberto did not know what next to do. Yet it was impressed upon him that he ought to do something.

Several gondolas were anchored near at hand, waiting to be summoned, for the hour had passed midnight. Long columns of golden light agrees the renulous water, stretching from the illuminated windows, Delicious music, rising and falling with rylytinic beat, palpitated on the gold on the gold on the state of the party with Mrs. Cochran, and you can go has a selection of the party with Mrs. Cochran, and you can go have replaced the party with Mrs. Cochran, and you can go have replaced the passing, however near. "Grace a Dieu." he exclaims, observing this; the very place. I must take her by surprise, that's the best way when one wants to learn how the case as they fell athward the windows as the party of the standard of the occasion, though a high stone wall guarded it jealously from the day and the party of the standard of the occasion, though a high stone wall guarded it jealously from the day and the party of the standard of the occasion, though a high stone wall guarded it jealously from the day of passers by on the canal. He knew, also, that a side canal led pass the garden behind the party of the standard of the cocasion, though a high stone wall guarded it jealously from the day of the garden behind the party of the standard of the hereafter; and how to behave when they occur."

He has by this ducked his head, and stepped under the arcading evergreen. The position is all he could desire. It gives him a view of both ways by which on that side the farm-house can be approached. The cart lane is directly before his face, as is also the footpath when he turns toward it. The latter leading, as already said, along a hedge to the orchard's bottom, there crosses the brook by a plank—this being about fifty yards distant from where he stationed himself. And as there is now moonlight he can distinctly see the frail footbridge, with a portion of the path beyond, where it runs through straggling trees, before entering the thicker wood. Only at intervals has he sight of it, as the sky is mottled with masses of cloud, that every now and then, drifting over the moon's disk, shut off her light with the suddenness of a lamp extinguished.

When she shipes he can himself he seen.

guished.

When she shines he can himself be seen.

Standing in crouched attitude with the ivy tendrils festcooned over his pale, bloodless face, he looks like a gigantic spider behind its web, on the wait for prey—ready to spring forward and solve it.

seize it.
For nigh ten minutes he thus remains watching, all the while impatiently chafing. He listens, too; though with little hope of hearing aught to indicate the approach of her expected. After the pleasant tete-a-tete he is now sure she must have held with the waterman, she will be coming along silently, her thoughts in sweet.

must have held with the waterman, she will be coming along silently, her thoughts in sweet, placid contentment; or she may come on with timid, stealthy steps, dreading rebuke by her mother for having overstayed her time.

Just as the priest in bitterest chagrin is promising himself that rebuked she shall be, he sees what interrupts his resolves, suddenly and altogether withdrawing his thoughts from Mary Morgan. It is a form approaching the plank, on the opposite side of the stream; not hers, nor woman's; instead the figure of a man! Neither erect nor walking in the ordinary way, but with head held down and shoulders projected fordevine withdrawing his thoughts from Mary Morgan. It is a form approaching the plank, on the opposite side of the stream; not hers, nor woman's; instead the figure of a man! Neither erect nor walking in the ordinary way, but with head held down and shoulders projected forward, as he were seeking concealment under the bushes that beset the path, for all drawing migh to the brook with the rapidity of one pursued, and who thinks there is safety only on its other side!

"Sainte Vierge!" exclaims the priest, sotto soce. "What can all that mean? And who—"
He stays his self-asked interrogatory, seeing that the skulker has paused, too—at the further end of the plank, which he has now reached. Why? It may be from fear to set foot on it, for indeed is there danger to one not intimately acquainted with it. The man may be a stranger—some fellow on teamo who intends trying its hen-roosts, judging by his manner of approach.

While thus conjecturing, Rogier sees the skulker stoop down, immediately after hearing a sound, different from the sough of the stream; a harsh, grating noise, as of a piece of heavy timber drawn over a rough surface of rock. "Sharp fellow!" thinks the priest; "with all his haste, wonderfully cautious! He's fixing the thing steady before venturing to tread upon it! Ha! I'm wrong; he don't design crossing it after all!"

This as the crouching figure erects itself and, instead of passing over the plank, turns abruptly away from it. Not to go back along the path, but up the stream on that same side! And with bent body as before, still seeming desirous to shun observation.

Now more than ever mystified, the priest watches him, with eyes keen as those of a cat

other side!

"Sainte Vierge!" exclaims the priest, sotto voce. "What can all that mean? And who—"

He stays his self-asked interrogatory, seeing that the skulker has paused, too—at the further end of the plank, which he has now reached. Why? It may be from fear to set foot on it; for indeed is there danger to one not intimately acquainted with it. The man may be a stranger—some fellow on teamo who intends trying the hospitality of the farm-house—more likely its hen-roosts, judging by his manner of approach.

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Instead of passing over the plank, turns abruptly away from it. Not to go back along the path, but up the stream on that same side! And with bent body as before, still seeming desirous to shun observation.

Now more than ever mystified, the priest watches him, with eyes keen as those of a cat set for nocturnal prowling. Not long till he learns who the man is. Just then the moon, escaping from a cloud, flashes her full light in his face, revealing features of diabolic expression—that of a murderer striding away from the spot where he has been spilling blood!

Rogier recognizes Coracle Dick, though still without the slightest idea of what the poacher is doing there.

"Que diantre!" he exclaims, in surprise; "what can that devil be after? Coming up to the plank and not crossing— Ha! yonder's a very different sort of pedestrian approaching it! Ma'mselle Mary at last!"

This as by the same intermittent gleam of moonlight he descries a straw hat, with streaming ribbons, over the tops of the bushes beyond the brook.

The mother, also astir betimes, has his break-fast on the table as soon as he finishes eating it, the rattle of wheels on the road in front, with voices, tells him his fare has arrived.

Hastening out, he sees a grand carriage drawn up at the gate, double-horsed, with coachman having been ordered to take the carriage home, and bring it back at a certain hour. The footman goes with them—the Mary having seats for six.

Roweelly to dream of her.

There is just a streak of daylight stealing in through the window as he awakes; enough to warn him that it is time to be up and stirring. Up he instantly is and arrays himself, not in his everyday boating habiliments, but a suit worn only on Sundays and holidays.

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Hastening out, he sees a grand carriage drawn up at the gate, double-horsed, with coachman having been ordered to take t

"Sunday! That's queerish, too. Squire Powell's family be a sort o' strict religious, I've heerd." heerd."
"That's just it. The livery chap sayed it be a church they're goin' to; some curious kind o' old worshipin' place, that lie in a bend o' the river, where carriages ha' difficulty in gettin' to it."

"I think I know the one, an' can take them there well enough. What answer did you gi'e to the man?" o the man?"
"That ye could take 'em, an' would. I
know'd you hadn't any other bespeak; and
dince it wor to a church wouldn't mind its bein'

who is anything but a Sabbatarian. "Where do they weesh the boat to be took? Or am I to do they weesh the boat to be took? Or am I to wait for 'em here?"
"Yes; the man spoke o' them comin' here, an' at a very early hour. Six o'clock. He sayed the clergyman be a friend o' the family, and they're to ha' their breakfasts wi' him, afore

All right! I'll be ready for 'em, come's as

moonlight he descries a straw hat, with streaming ribbons, over the tops of the bushes beyond the brook.

The brighter image drives the darker one from his thoughts; and, forgetting all about the man in his resolve to take the woman unawares, he steps out from under the ivy, and makes forward to meet her. He is a Frenchman, and to help her over the footplank will give him a fine opportunity for displaying his cheap gallantry. As he hastens down to the stream, the moon remaining unclouded, he sees the young girl close to it on the opposite side. She approaches with proud carriage, and confident step, her cheeks even under the pale light showing redulushed with the kisses so lately received, as it were still clinging to them. Her heart yet thrilling with love, strong under its excitement, little suspects she how soon it will cease to beat.

Boldly she plants her foot upon the plank, be-

beat.
Boldly she plants her foot upon the plank, believing, late boasting, a knowledge of its tricks. Alas! there is one with which she is not acquainted—could not be—a new and treacherous one, taught it within the last two minutes. The daughter of Evan Morgan is doomed; one more step will be her last in life!

She makes it, the priest alone being witness. He sees her arms flung aloft, simultaneously hearing a shriek; then arms, body, and bridge sink out of sight suddenly, as though the earth had swallowed them!

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SUSPICIOUS WAIF.

ON returning homeward the young waterman bethinks him of a difficulty—a little matter to be settled with his mother. Not having gone to the shop, he has neither whitecord nor nitely to the shop, he has neither whitecord nor nitely to the settled with his mother. Not having gone to the shop, he has neither whitecord nor nitely to the settled with his mother and daughter early risers, and by this mother and daughter will be on their way to matins, and possibly confession at the Rugg's Ferry Chapel.

Pulling on down he ceases to think of it, and of her for the time, his attention being engrossed by the management of the boat. For just below Abergann the stream runs sharply, and is given to caprices. But further on, it once more flows in gentle tide along the meadow lands of Llangorren.

Before turning the bend, where Gwen Wynn and Ellen Lees were caught in the rapid current, at the estuary of a sluggish inflowing brook, whose waters are now beaten back by the flooded river, he sees what causes him to start, and possibly confession at the Rugg's Ferry Chapel.

But the Rugg's Ferry Chapel.

Pulling on down he ceases to think of it, and of her for the time, his attention being engrossed by the management of the boat. For just below Abergann the stream runs sharply, and is given to caprices. But further on, it once more flows in gentle tide along the meadow lands of Llangorren.

What is it, it is not yet seven o'clock will be early in the Rugg's Ferry Chapel.

Fulling on do

-E--- SINGUE VACORURAGE BEING

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING."

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING."

There is a crowd collected round the farmhouse of Abergann. Not an excited or noisy one; instead, the people composing it are of staid demeanor, with that formal solemnity observable on the faces of those at a funeral.

And a funeral it is, or soon to be. For inside there is a chamber of death; a coffin with a corpse—that of her who, had she lived, would have been Jack Wingate's wife.

Mary Morgan has indeed fallen victim to the mad spite of a monster. Down went she into that swollen stream, which, ruthless and cruel as he who committed her to it, carried her off on its ingulfing tide—her form tossed to and fro, now sinking, now coming to the surface, and again going down. No one to save her—not an effort at rescue made by the cowardly Frenchman; who, rushing on to the chasm's edge, there stopped—only to gaze affrightedly at the flood surging below, foam crested; only to listen to her agonized cry, further off and more freely put forth, as she was borne onward to her doom.

Once again he heard it, in that tone which

her doom.

Once again he heard it, in that tone which tells of life's last struggle with death—proclaiming death the conqueror. Then all was over.

As he stood horror-stricken, half-bewildered, a cloud suddenly curtained the moon, bringing black darkness upon the earth, as if a pall had As he stood horror stricken, half-bewildered, a cloud suddenly curtained the moon, bringing black darkness upon the earth, as if a pall had been thrown over it. Even the white froth on the water was for the while invisible. He could see nothing—nothing hear, save the hoarse, harsh torrent rolling relentlessly on. Of no avail, then, his hurrying back to the house, and raising the alarm. Too late it was to save Mary Morgan from drowning; and, only by the accident of her body being thrown up against a bank, was it that night recovered.

It is the third day after, and the funeral about to take place. Though remote the situation of the farm-stead, and sparsely inhabited the district immediately around, the assemblage is a large one. This partly from the unusual circumstances of the girl's death, but as much from the respect in which Evan Morgan is held by his neighbors, far and near. They are there in their best attire, men and women alike, Protestants, as Catholies, to show a sympathy, which in truth many of them sincerely feel.

Nor is there among the people assembled any conjecturing about the cause of the fatal occurrence. No hint or suspicion that there has been foul play. How could there? So clearly an accident, as pronounced by the coroner at his inquiry held the day after the drowning—brief and purely pro forma.

Mrs. Morgan herself told of her daughter sent

quiry held the day after the drowning—brief and purely pro forma.

Mrs. Morgan herself told of her daughter sent on that errand from which she never returned; while the priest, eye-witness, stated the reason why. Taken together, this was enough; though further confirmed by the absent plank, found and brought back on the following day. Even had Wingate rowed back up the river during daylight, he would not have seen it again. The farm laborers and others, accustomed to cross by it, gave testimony as to its having been by it, gave testimony as to its having been

by it, gave testimony as to its having been loose.

But of all whose evidence was called for, one alone could have put a different construction on the tale. Father Rogier could have done this; but did not, having his reasons for withholding the truth. He is now in possession of a secret that will make Richard Dempsey his slave for life—his instrument, willing or unwilling, for such purpose as he may need him, no matter what its iniquity.

The hour of interment has been fixed for twelve o'clock. It is now a little after eleven, and everybody has arrived at the house. The men stand outside in groups, some in the little flower-garden in front, others straying into the farm-yard to have a look at the fatting pigs, or about the pastures to view the white-faced Herefords and "Ryeland" sheep; of which last Evan Morgan is a noted breeder.

Inside the house are the women—some relatives of the deceased, with the farmer's friends and more familiar acquaintances. All admitted to the chamber of death to take a last look at the dead. The corpse is in the coffin, but with lid not yet screwed on. There lies the corpse in its white drapery, still untouched by "decay's effacing fingers," beautiful as living bride, though now a bride for the altar of eternity.

The stream passes in and out; but besides those only curious coming and going, there are some who remain in the room. Mrs. Morgan herself sits beside the coffin, at intervals giving way to wildest grief; a cluster of women around a vainly essaying to comfort her.

There is a young man seated in the corner, who seems to need consoling almost as much as she. Every now and then his breast heaves in audible sobbing as though the heart within were about to break. None wonder at this; for it is Jack Wingate.

Still, there are those who think it strange his being there aphore all as if made willow.

ack Wingate.
Still, there are those who think it strange his being there—above all, as if made welcome. They know not the remarkable change that has taken place in the feelings of Mrs. Morgan. Be-side that bed of death all who were dear to her daughter, were dear to her now. And she is aware that the young waterman was so. For he has told her, with tearful eyes and sad, earnest words, whose truthfulness could not be

But where is the other, the false one? Not there—never has been since the fatal occurrence. Came not to the inquest, came not to inquire or condole; comes not now to show sympathy, or

condole; comes not now to show sympathy, or take part in the rites of sepulture.

There are some who make remark about his absence, though none lament it—not even Mrs. Morgan herself. The thought of the bereaved mother is that he would have ill-befitted being her son. Only a fleeting reflection, her whole soul being engrossed in grief for her lost daughter.

The hour for closing the coffin has come. They but await the priest to say some solemn words. He has not yet arrived, though every instant

He has not vet arrived, though every instant looked for. A personage so important has many duties to perform, and may be detained by them

For all, he does not fail. While inside the death chamber they are conjecturing the cause of his delay, a buzz outside, with a shuffling of feet in the passage, tells of a way being made

Presently he enters the room, and stepping up Presently he enters the room, and stepping up to the coffin stands beside it, all eyes turned toward him. His eyes are upon the face of the corpse—at first with the usual look of official gravity and feigned grief. But continuing to gaze upon it, a strange expression comes over his features, as though he saw something that surprised, or unusually interested him. It affects him even to giving a start; so light, however, that no one seems to observe it. Whatever the emotion, he conceals it: and in calm voice the emotion, he conceals it: and in calm voice pronounces the prayer, with all its formalities

and gestures.

The lid is laid on, covering the form of Mary Morgan—forever vailing her face from the world. Then the pall is thrown over, and all

There is no hearse, no plumes, nor paid pall-bearers. Affection supplies the place of this heartless luxury to the tomb. On the shoulders of four men the coffin is borne away, the crowd forming into procession as it passes, and follow

on to the Rugg's Ferry chapel—into its cemetery, late consecrated. There lowered into a grave already prepared to receive it; and, after the usual ceremonial of the Roman Catholic religion, covered up, and turfed over.

Then the mourners scatter off for their homes, in deep or in ground leaving the remains of

Then the mourners scatter off for their homes, singly or in groups, leaving the remains of Mary Morgan in their last resting-place, only her near relatives with thought of ever again returning to stand over them.

There is one exception, this is a man not related to her, but who would have been had she lived. Wingate goes away with the intention ere long to return. The chapel burying-ground brinks upon the river, and when the shades of night have descended over it, he brings his boat alongside. Then, fixing her to the bank, he steps out, and proceeds in the direction of the new-made grave. All this cautiously, and with circumspection, as if fearing to be seen. The darkness favoring him, he is not.

Reaching the sacred spot he kneels down, and with a knife, taken from his pockets, scoops out a little cavity in the lately laid turf. Into this he inserts a plant, which he has brought along with him—one of a common kind, but emblematic of no ordinary feeling. It is known to country people as "The Flower of Love-lies-bleeding" (Amaranthus caudatus).

Closing the earth around its roots, and restoring the sods, he bends lower, till his lips are in contact with the grass upon the grave. One near enough might hear convulsive sobbing, accompanied by the words:

"Mary, darling! you're wi' the angels now; and I know you'll forgie me, if I've done aught to bring about this dreadful thing. Oh, dear, 'dear Mary! I'd be only too glad to be lyin' in the grave along wi'ye. As God's my witness I would."

For a time he is silent, giving way to his grief

would."

For a time he is silent, giving way to his grief—so wild as to seem unbearable. And just for an instant he himself thinks it so, as he kneels with the knife still open in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. A plunge with that shining blade with point to his heart, and all his misery would be over

would be over.

"My mother—my poor mother—no!"

These few words, with the filial thought conveyed, save him from suicide. Soon as repeating them, he shuts to his knife, rises to his feet, and returning to the boat again rows himself home—but never with so heavy a heart.

CHAPTER XXV

A FRENCH FEMME DE CHAMBRE.

OF all who assisted at the ceremony of Mary Morgan's funeral no one seemed so impatient for its termination as the priest. In his official capacity he did all he could to hasten it; soon as it was over hurrying away from the grave, out of the burying-ground, and into his own house, near by.

near by.

Such haste would have appeared strange—
even indecent—but for the belief of his having
some sacerdotal duty that called him elsewhere;
a belief strengthened by their shortly after seeing him start off in the direction of the Ferry

Arriving there, the Charon attendant rows nim across the river; and, soon as setting foot on the opposite side, he turns face down-stream,

on the opposite side, he turns face down-stream, taking a path that meanders through fields and meadows. Along this he goes rapidly as his legs can carry him—in a walk. Clerical dignity hinders him from proceeding at a run, though judging by the expression of his countenance he is inclined to it.

The route he is on would conduct to Llangorren Court—several miles distant—and thither is he bound; though the house itself is not his objective point. He does not visit, nor would it serve him to show his face there—least of all to Gwen Wynn. She might not be so rude as to use her riding-whip on him, as she once felt inclined in the hun ing-field; but she would certainly be surprised to see him at her home. Yet it is one within her house he wishes to see, and is now on the way for it, pretty sure of being able to accomplish his object. True to her fashionable instincts and toilette necessities, Miss Linton keeps a French maid, and it is with this densel Fetter Rocierades inventors are included.

Miss Linton keeps a French maid, and it is with this damsel Father Rogier designs having an in-terview. He is thoroughly en rapport with the femme de chambre and through her kept advised of everything which transpires at the Court, or all he deems it worth while to be advised

His confidence that he will not have his long His confidence that he will not have his long walk for nothing rests on certain matters of prearrangement. With the foreign domestic he has succeeded in establishing a code of signals, by which he can communicate—with almost a certainty of being able to see her. Not inside the house, but at a place near enough to be convenient. Rare the park in Herefordshire through which there is not a right-of-way path, and one runs across that of Llangorren. Not through the ornamental grounds, nor at all close to the mansion—as is frequently the case, to the great chagrin of the owner—but several

close to the mansion—as is frequently the case, to the great chagrin of the owner—but several hundred yards distant. It passes from the river's bank to the county road, all the way through trees, that screen it from the house. There is a point, however, where it approaches the edge of the wood, and there one traversing it might be seen from the upper windows. But only for an instant, unless the party so passing should choose to make stop in the place exposed.

It is a thoroughfare not much frequented, though free to Father Rogier as any one else; tand, now hastening along it, he arrives at that spot where the break in the timber brings the house in view. Here he makes a halt, still keeping under the trees; to a branch of one of them, on the side toward the Court attaching a piece of white paper he has taken out of his pocket. This done with due caution, and care that he be not observed in the act, he draws back to the await the urshot of his telegraphy.

await the upshot of his telegraphy.

His haste hitherto explained by the fact, only at certain times are his signals likely to be seen, or could they be attended to. One of the surest and safest is during the early afternoon hours, just after luncheon, when the ancient toast of Cheltenham takes her accustomed siesta—before dressing herself for the drive, or reception of callers. While the mistress sleeps the maid is free to dispose of herself as she pleases. It was to hit this interlude of leisure Father Rogier has been hurrying; and that he has succeeded is soon known to him, by his seeing a form with floating drapery recognizable as that

form with floating drapery, recognizable as that of the femme de chambre. Gliding through the shrubbery, and evidently with an eye to escape observation, she is only visible at intervals; length lost to his sight altogether as she ent

among the thick standing trees. But he knows she will turn up again.

And she does, after a short time; coming along the path toward the stile where here he is

seated.

"Ah! ma bonne!" he exclaims, dropping on his feet, and moving forward to meet her.

"You've been prompt! I didn't expect you quite so soon. Madame la Chatelaine oblivious, I apprehend; in the midst of her afternoon

nap?

"Yes, Pere; she was when I stole off. But she has given me directions about dressing her, to go out for a drive—earlier than usual. So I must get back immediately."

"I'm not going to detain you very long. I chanced to be passing, and thought I might as well have a word with you—seeing it's the hour when you're off duty. By the way, I hear you're about to have grand doings at the Court—a ball, and what not?"

"Out, m'ssieu; out."

"When is it to be?"
"On Thursday. Mademoiselle celebrates son jour de naissance—the twenty-first, making her of age. It is to be a grand fete as you say. They've been all last week preparing for it."
"Among the invited Le Capitaine Ryecroft, I pressume?"

presume?"

"Oh, yes. I saw madame write the note inviting him—indeed took it myself down to the hall table for the post-boy."

"He visits often at the Court of late?"

"Very often—once a week, sometimes twice."

"And comes down the river by boat; doesn't

e?"
"In a boat. Yes—comes and goes that way."
Her statement is reliable, as Father Rogier
as reason to believe—having an inkling of sussicion that the damsel has of late been casting
heep's eyes, not at Captain Ryecroft, but his ung boatman, and is as much interested in movements of the Mary as either the boat's

owner or charterer.

"Always comes by water, and returns by it,

"Always comes by water, and returns by it," observes the priest, as if speaking to himself. "You're quite sure of that, ma fille?" "Oh, quite, Pere!" "Mademoiselle appears to be very partial to him. I think you told me she often accompanies him down to the boat-stair, at his departure?"

Often! always."

"Always?"
"Toujours! I never knew it otherwise. Either the boat-stair, or the pavilion."
"Ah! the summer-house! They hold their tete-a-tete there at times; do they?" 'Always?

"Yes; they do."
"But not when he leaves at a late hour—as, for instance, when he dines at the Court; which I know he has done several times?"
"Oh, yes; even then. Only last week he was there for dinner; and ma'mselle Gwen went with him to his boat, or the pavilion—to bid adieus. No matter what the time to her. Ma foi! I'd risk my word she'll do the same after this grand ball that's to be. And why shouldn't she, Pere Rogier? Is there any harm in it?"
The question is put with a view of justifying her own conduct, that would be somewhat similar were Jack Wingate to encourage it, which, to say truth, he never has.
"Oh, no," answers the priest, with an assumed indifference; "no harm, whatever, and no business of ours. Mademoiselle Wynn is mistress of her own actions, and will be more, after the coming birthday number vingt-un. But," he adds, dropping the role of the interrogator, now that he has got all the information wanted, "I fear I'm keeping you too long. As I've said, chancing to come by I signaled—chiefly to tell you, that next Sunday we have High Mass in the chapel. With special prayers for a young girl, who was drowned last Saturday night, and whom we've just this day interred. I suppose you've heard?"
"No, I haven't. Who, Pere?"
Her question may appear strange, Rugg's Ferry being so near Llangorren Court and Aber-

"No, I haven't. Who, Pere?"

Her question may appear strange, Rugg's Ferry being so near Llangorren Court and Abergann still nearer. But for reasons already stated, as others, the ignorance of the Frenchwoman as to what has occurred at the farm-house, is not intelligible, but natural enough.

Equally natural, though in a sense very different, is the look of satisfaction appearing in her eyes, as the priest in answer gives the name of the drowned girl.

"Marie, la fille de fermier Morgan."

The expression that comes over her face is, under the circumstances, terribly repulsive—being almost that of joy! For not only has she seen Mary Morgan at the chapel, but something besides—heard her name coupled with that of the waterman Wingate.

In the midst of her strong, sinful emotion, of which the priest is fully cognizant, he finds it a

which the priest is fully cognizant, he finds it a good opportunity for taking leave. Going back to the tree where the bit of signal paper has been left, he plucks it off, and crumbles it into his pocket. Then, returning to the path, shakes hands with her, says "Bon jour" and departs.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 446.)

FALL-TIME.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON,

Among the woods the phantoms hold A somber dance, and rustling trees, Touched with Autumn's tints of gold, Whisper in the passing breeze.

The stacks of corn upon the hill Stand lize sentinels of Time; The hazy river past the mill Ripples low in a dreamy rhyme.

The flight of time hath brought again The holy Sabbath of the year, While o'er mountain, moor and fen.
The leaves are draping Summer's bier.

Work for Women at Home.

Ir any man has not already learned the delightful fact that New York is remarkable among the capitals of the world for the beauty of its women, let him take a walk up the Fifth avenue on one of our busk and clear autumn afternoons, and, so far as civility permits, observe the fair pedestrians on the way. The day being fine, he will be wise to prolong his stroll by entering the Park, which is now in its full glory; and turning his eves from the contemplation of tering the Fark, which is now in its full giory; and turning his eyes from the contemplation of cultivated nature, he will see, on the througed drives, in the resounding bridle paths, and in the footpaths frequented by our citizens of modester means, a continuous stream of feminine grace and loveliness.

Just at this season the fair daughters of ease and wealth are looking their best, for they are

those other grievously overworked women who must toil early and late to keep body and soul together. The first class is comparatively small

men vex their brains.

The round of employments for women, whether of work or of pleasure, has also been greatly varied and increased, and they are better in mind and body for the enlargement. During the summer the girls at the country resorts have been kept in the open air on the days when the the summer the girls at the country resorts have been kept in the open air on the days when the temperature has permitted active exercise, and they have not failed to benefit by the employment. The autumn weather, too, invites those who have returned to town and those who yet are in the country to engage in healthful sports and other invigorating occupations. Horseback riding, the most exhilarating form of exercise, grows more and more fashionable for women, and both in the Park and on the country roads many good riders, may now be encountered.

place to fabrications which have real beauty, and help to ornament a house and to cultivate the taste of the workers. The fashionable embroidery at present is that with crewels, work which was the occupation and amusement of our great-grandmothers. The fashion was introduced through the teachings of an English art school, and it is encouraged in this country by our New York Society of Decorative Art, which enjoys the assistance of a teacher who was graduated at the South Kensington school of needlework, where crewel embroidery was revived a few years ago. Crewels are a species of yarn, not unlike carpet thrums, woven loosely of soft wools, and colored in the best

over the great majority of worsted work in being artistic in the compositions and in the combinations of colors.

The impulse which of late has been given to decorative needlework has furnished employment for the talents of women who have an aptness for the making of tasteful designs and for the harmonious arrangement of colors, and so has provided occupations for many ladies whose time hangs heavily on their hands, besides affording to others the means of making a livelihood. Ladies who have worked in vain in the higher departments of art find in the designing of crewel patterns and other embroidery, in the drawing of designs for lace, and in the composition of patterns for various kinds of fabrics, a graceful, tasteful, and sometimes profitable occupation.

Another department of decorative art which now engages many feminine hands and feminine fancies is that of china decoration. The society of which we have spoken has secured Mr. John Bennett, late of the celebrated Doulton Works of England, to teach this beautiful art to its classes, and the results of his efforts are seen in artistically-painted vases, plaques, and other china-ware. There is great scope for the exercise of taste and original aptitude for design and combination in this sort of decoration, and it may be made the means both of furnishing a delightful accomplishment and providing an occupation for the earning of bread. Different kinds of net and knit-work, lace-work, carving, wood engraving, water-color and oil painting, etching and sketching from nature

Different kinds of net and knit-work, lace-work, carving, wood engraving, water-color and oil painting, etching and sketching from nature and the model, all employ large numbers of ladies, either as a means of support or as a form of amusement. Music also occupies thousands of girls in New York, and music pursued into its highest and best development.

Therefore, though the metropolis has its full supply of the butterflies of fashion, it also is alive with the activities of young women ardently engaged in the pursuit of the beauties and pleasures of art, and the effect is seen in the greater taste displayed in the homes of the city. The men and women who have labored here and in Boston to spread correct principles of decorative art and to interest fashion in them have therefore done a good work, and it is not have therefore done a good work, and it is not surprising to hear foreigners say, as they are so apt to do, that in our more refined society the women are usually superior in taste and cultivation, and even in information to the men whom they deign to charm with their grace and delight with their beautiful accomplishments.

The Art of Deception.

One of the most singular inconsistencies to be bserved in everyday life is found in the differ-nt manner in which the habit of deception is ent manner in which the habit of deception is regarded according to the age and position of those who practice it. Children, as soon as they become capable of distinguishing right and wrong, are taught to look upon deceit as one of the worst sins that can be committed. Boys at school are not only taught the beauty of truth by their masters, but, in a certain rough fashion, reverence it among themselves. A boy, for instance, who parades ostentatiously to his master an assumed steadiness of principle and submissiveness of demeanor is very soon branded with the odious title of sneak. On the other hand, occasions arise in schoolboy life when by sticking to a deliberate falsehood, a boy may seen from the upper windows. But only for an instant, unless the party so passing should choose to make stop in the place exposed.

It is a thoroughfare not much frequented, though free to Father Rogier as any one else; and, now hastening along it, he arrives at that spot where the break in the timber brings the house in view. Here he makes a halt, still keeping under the trees; to a branch of one of them, on the side toward the Court attaching a piece of white paper he has taken out of his pocket. This done with due caution, and care that he be not observed in the act, he draws back to the path, and sits down upon a stile close by—to await the upshot of his telegraphy.

In the upper windows. But only for an instant, unless the party so passing should choose and waters of the country, and their complexions are enriched by their masters, but, in a certain rough fash-ion, reverence it among themselves. A boy, for instance, who parades ostentatiously to his master that he be country, and their complexions are enriched by the tints which only the fresh air of the hills and the seaside and the rich blood of vigorous health can paint on them. But our women nowadays, both rich and poor, are in a much better physical condition than formerly; for, on the average, they live more sensibly and dress more comfortably. Of course we must not include those who are exhausted by fashionable dissipation the year round at Newport, Saratoga, and Lenox, as well as in New York, and whether the fact, only the fresh are altered whether obesity of the hills and the seaside and the rich blood of vigorous health can paint on them. But our women nowadays, both rich and poor, are in a much better physical condition than formerly; for, on the average, they live more sensibly and dress more comfortably. Of course we must not include those who are exhausted by fashionable dissipation the year round at Newport, Saratoga, and Lenox, as well as in New York, and whether the fact only the fresh are altered whether the beauty of truth by their maste boys; but this inclination is really very often the result of moral cowardice, a defect which it may be said is as common to boys and men as in numbers, but the second is always so large that it constitutes one of the most important elements of the social problem over which wise to girls and women. But in the one case there are deterrent influences, absent in the other, which often lead to the attempt at overcoming, which other teath of the attention as core at any rate concealing, this fault. A boy who has invented a story to save himself from a scrape, and is found out, is generally made to feel in some tangible way that he has been guilty of a gross blunder, if not of a crime. He becomes conscious that his conduct has gained him nothing but a punishment and the score of the community. With girls the matter is somewhat different; some form of punishment may be inflicted, but the sense of having done a shameful thing is less frequently and less strongly inculcated. A girl who has been detected in a falsehood may be teased on the subject by her companions, but she will not be shumed and riding, the most exhilarating form of exercise, grows more and more fashionable for women, and both in the Park and on the country roads many good riders may now be encountered. The greater demand for saddle-horses will of course increase the supply; but at present it is hard to get a thoroughly satisfactory one. It is easier, as every horseman knows, to fill a stable with admirable driving horses than to find a single well-trained saddle-horse for a lady. We indeed rarely see in this country, except at the South, what the English call a well-mannered lady's saddle-horse.

Croquet has pretty much gone cert at ing the assertion and acting upon it. It also occurs that certain women who have cultivated a love for truth become disgusted at the general weakness of their sex in this respect, and fly in consequence to the opposite extreme. They judge it necessary to employ some striking means for convincing the world that they are South, what the English call a well-mannered lady's saddle-horse.

Croquet has pretty much gone out of vogue, though it is amusing to see old farmers in the country engrossed in the game which has for two or three years been abandoned by the pleasure seekers from the city. Lawn tennis and archery are the great out-door sports, and even the old-time battledore and shuttlecock has been revived by the maidens; and a very pretty game it is when played by pretty girls. Open air amusements of all sorts in which women can take part are now helping to contribute to the health of the frolickers, and their salutarry effects are evident enough in the roundness of the fortunate maidens. Happily fashion permits garments which render possible pretty free muscular exercise, and therefore waists, feet, and hands, as well as complexions, may now be frequently seen in one's walks, which beteken that our girls are growing up with well-developed frames and full and bounding circulations.

The indoor occupations which always chiefly engage the attention of women during the autumn and winter are now varied by many graceful forms of artistic work. The old samplers, preposterous screens, unserviceable slippers, and meaningless embroidery have given place to fabrications which have real beauty, and help to ornament a house and to cultivate the taste of the workers. The fashionable emters and the proposite exterme. They weakness of their sex in this respect, and they in consequence to the opposite exterme. They independ a love for truth become disgusted at the general weakness of their sex in this respect, and the grows a love for truth become disgusted at the gener al love weakness of their sex in this respect, and the grow a love for truth become disgusted at the gener al love a love for truth become disgusted at the gener al love a love for truth the conditions of the world who are accomplished in the refer and theur order to avoid flattery, they overwhelm one with bitter criticism. Perhaps they are, however, more tolerable, inastinu

and most delicately tinted dyes. The really good are imported from England, at heavy cost of freight and duties; but there are imitations of German and home manufacture which are comparatively poor. As the demand for crewels is growing, however, we shall probably before during manufacturers will reap a the enterprising manufacturers will reap a the enterprising manufacturers will reap a the enterprising manufacturers will reap a slying ought to be given to their practices, are those who have some resemblance to Corneille's are now beginning to compete with the best foreign goods, and there is no reason why, in quality of material and richness of dyes, our crewel yarm should not equal the finest made in England.

Various kinds of material are suitable for crewel work—woolens, linen, silk, satin, and velvet—and the embroidery, which is worked as the embroidery, which is worked as the selection of the designs or in the drawing of them, and in the combination of the colors and shades. Some of the examples of crewel embroidery to the compositions and in the composition of patterns for various kinds of race, and in the composition of patterns and other embroidery, in the drawing of designs for lace, and in the composition of patterns for various kinds of fabrics, a graceful tasteful and sometimes. in the character of a man who combined scholarship with vast worldly knowledge, and would flash before their eyes his intimate acquaintance with distinguished military officers, well-known men of fashion, and so on. At an army mess, on the other hand, he was full of stories of what this or that great novelist or poet had said to him in confidence. And, whether by instinct or practice, or a combination of both, he was never known to tell the wrong kind of a story to the wrong person.

to the wrong person.

This is, after all, only the carrying out in mature life of the tendency to invention not rarely found in children, who, especially those who have no companions of their own age, are very apt to live in an imaginary world where they enjoy countless honors and dignities. How far it is desirable to check this tendency must always be something of a puzzle to personts and very apt to live in an imaginary world where they enjoy countless honors and dignities. How far it is desirable to check this tendency must always be something of a puzzle to parents and guardians. By rebuking the child who spends hours in fashioning a tale of wonderful events, and becomes so fascinated by the working of his fancy that he cannot but think it real, they may possibly be checking the faculty that would have made its possessor a poet, a painter, or a musician. On the other hand, if the child's imagination is allowed to run riot as much as it pleases, a habit of complete disregard for truth may be engendered of which the consequences are most disastrous. But it may of course only grow into the skillful practice of that judicious art of humbug which is invaluable to any one bent on making his way in the world. The pleasant manner which indicates that its possessor has a greater regard for the person to whom he is speaking than for any one else in the world is an acquirement that may be of great use. Only it must be employed judiciously. The person who practices it should be able to discern at a glance whether his interlocutor is likely to resent this appearance of intense sympathy as humbug, or to accept it as a tribute to his own powers of fascination. There are people to whom this peculiar manner is natural, and in whom it probably springs from real kindliness; and there are others who deliberately acquire it, and use it with a definite purpose, and it is perhaps rather hard upon good-natured people with a naturally agreeable manner that they should be constantly confounded with professors of humbug. In excuse for these last it might be remembered that pleasant manners are by no means such a drug in the social market that they ought to be rejected without very strong reasons.

Perhaps, of all forms of deception, self-deception is the most dangerous, as it may be the most successful. A man who deceives himself, if he does it thoroughly, will find it easy to make others believe in him. It may always

interfere with his success in imposing his own view of his attributes upon outside personages. There are some people whose habit it is to tell long and romantic stories about themselves, who will regulate their actions day after day as if these stories were realities, and who, when some end tries to ceive them by pointing out the falseness of their hopes and indeed of their lives, will only look upon him as a jealous enemy, and add to their self-deception another prop to support it. One's first thought about such self-deceivers as these is that one day their fall must indeed be great; but one may be disappointed agreeably or not. but one may be disappointed, agreeably or not, by finding that when one thought they were digging pits for themselves, they were in truth raising steps to greatness. And at any rate one thing is tolerably certain, that if a man has not some strong belief in himself, which he may or may not express on every possible occasion or may not express on every possible occasion to other men, he will find it difficult to convince the general public of a merit in which he has no personal trust.

Ripples.

A VERY fat man sent an order to the office or two seats in the coach for himself. The lerk engaged him one seat outside and the other

WHEN a German musician says "Gotter amerung," he doesn't mean to be profane. He s merely speaking of Wagner's great new mu-ical performance.

FREDERICK—"Why art thou, darling, like Venuth?" Angelina—"Why, Fred, what a funny question. I don't know." Frederick—"Becauth, darling—becauth—you are a thweet myth." They kith.

It has been discovered that petroleum was sold in Antwerp as far back as 1547. But the prac-tice of servant girls kindling fire with petroleum originated in America, and dates back not more than twenty years.

In the revolving seasons of the varied year there is no other time when the poetical depart-ment of the editorial waste-basket is so ably edited as in these mellow autumn days. It is the carnival of the junk-dealer.

A WELL-KNOWN florist of Troy announces that he has orders ahead to furnish flowers for forty weddings within the next two months. If this kn't an indication of increasing business prosperity we are very much mistaken.

Two Japanese girls are now at Vassar College, and a scribe several hundred miles distant remarks that "It's a beautiful and affecting sight to see the American girls teaching them how to slide down the balustrade." WHENEVER a man begins to feel that he is so

great that the country is standing in the middle of the road waiting for him to come by, it is about time for his friends to look up some soft

Now the veteran fossils are wearing out the tops of the sugar barrels in corner groceries, lying like sin over their summer's work, waiting patiently to drink foolish candidates' whisky and predicting a severe winter based on the movements of bears and muskrats.

-E--- CIAR BARURDAY LOWBINAUS-E---



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IN OUR NEXT!

The Brilliant Serial Romance. THE MAN OF STEEL:

The Masked Knight of the White Plume.

A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE," "THE BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "THE SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC.

A startling picture of Paris and Society in the throes of the great Revolution when the Reign of Terror was at its hight and the guillotine was hourly doing its dreadful work. Through it all moves this Man of STEEL-a Mystery to his friends, a dread to the monsters who ruled and terrorized France and shocked

A Wonderfully Fine Personation,

who, with his devoted followers-young men of noble birth, ready to walk to death for their honor's sake, gives the story a sustained strength that renders it almost commanding in its hold on the reader's attention. Into it floats, and mingles, and then becomes all pervading

THE BEAUTIFUL PEARLINE.

child of adoption by the noble and devoted Baroness de Cosgnac, whose fate hung on a thread, and yet whose heroic devotion rendered her the fit mother of the Knight of the White Plume—the terrible Man of Steel. The mystery of "Who Was She?" hangs around Pearline's life, and out of it springs

Story, Drama and Denouement

strange, stirring and decidedly "sensational;" as all events were in those hideous sixty days The adjunct characters include the monster Robespierre and his bloody agent St. Liege and one or two of St. Liege's ruffian emissaries; and yet the romance is not studiedly "historic;" it is, on the contrary, while very true to the fact, a

TALE OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND PASSION that will strongly remind of Dumas and Victor Hugo. The serial is one to meet with hearty

No. 44 of the Fireside Library is the celebrated romance, "DEAD LETTER," by Seeley Regester. Thrilling, fascinating and of subtle skill in plot, it is a work of rare genius and admitted to be one of the most remarkable creations in American Fiction Literature. It is issued complete in this new shape, and thus is now accessible to all classes of readers.

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Sunshine Papers.

The Why It Is So.

From the weekly perusal of the answers given to correspondents, not alone in the SATURDAY JOURNAL but in other papers, I have noticed that a very large proportion of the inquiries sent by young ladies relate in some manner to their personal appearance. "How can I obtain a clear complexion?" "What shall I do to increase my weight?"
"How can I beautify my arms?"
"Is there a "Is there a cure for moth-patches?" "Please tell me what will remove black-heads from my skin and utest details as to how the crime was commit-make it smooth and fine?" "How can I ted, how the bleeding corpse appeared, the acquire gracefulness of motion?" "I would like to know of a remedy for red hands and a such particulars which might, just as well, have red nose." "Is there any way of getting rid been omitted. Then followed, as a matter of like to know of a remedy for red hands and a of a sallow complexion and dark circles under and develop my figure?" "Is there any hope until the time arrived for his execution. of a homely, sickly girl ever getting to be pretty and healthy?" These are the kind of lessly; then took an "interest" in them; then

by the frivolous female sex.

for matrimonial propositions. But our "Mr. Editor" is too much of a philosopher to be thus affected by the apparent frivolity and weakness of young womanhood; since for these faults the male sex is to a great degree respon-The very discriminating man, however much he may desire to deify his own sex, and find reason for contemning their frailer sisterhood, cannot fail to discover that this feminine betrayal of vanity and excessive anxiety concerning personal appearance is but an effect that may be traced back for one of its they willed the destinies of many a famous man, and, so, the destinies of nations. An English poet has said, truly:

"The devil fisheth best for souls of men When his hook is baited with a lovely limb; Love lights upon the heart, and straight we feel More worlds of wealth gleam in an upturned eye, Than in the rich heart of the miser sea. Beauty bath made our greatest manhood weak."

From the day when Eve's invitation to her mate to partake of that unlucky apple afforded Adam the opportunity to find excuse for sin by laying the blame upon "the woman" a bit of meanness inherited by all his male descendants-man has been a slave to feminine influence; and, to his shame be it said, oftentimes a slave to her mere flesh and blood beauty, rather than to the brilliancy of her intellect or the sweet purity of her moral nature.

Again, this betrayal of extreme feminine incharge of young children. From veritable baby hood the female child is taught in a score of careless ways, by ill-timed compliments and dren serve to make them me unguarded expressions, how prominent a factor is the prettiness of her face in the petting, and admiration, and favoritism shown her. As she advances into the successive stages of girlhood and young womanhood, she comes to know, perfectly, every physical advantageform, of coloring, of complexion, of trick of expression—that she possesses, and to use art and opportunity to intensify and display them. She considers it a tacit compliment to her appearance if ladies are chary of their praise of her; and she does not care that they fear her, and are jealous of her, if only gentlemen look after her on the street, gather about her at an evening entertainment, and make compliment and declarations to her. She realizes that every item of physical beauty is a power to her—a power that increases in proportion to the number and perfectness of her attractions, and in the excess of her self-satisfaction is very apt to lose sight of the fact that it is possible for an occasional man to become enraptured with a woman's wit and wisdom, her gentle manners, her proud and dignified grace, her lovable disposition, her charming home ac-complishments, her splendid intellectual endow-ments, as well as with mere bright eyes and pearly cheeks and sunny hair.

Not only do all girls have the opportunity to learn the power of feminine beauty from observation, and, perhaps, from some pleasant or cruel experience, but it seems to be a part of that subtle, untaught, intuitive knowledge with which their sex is endowed. And the homely girls realize the fascination that gleams in a sparkling eye, or lies hidden under the coquettish droop of long lashes, or is tangled in a silken abundance of hair, or flutters in the pinky tints of a fair face, or allures with every graceful motion of a perfect physique, as well as the beauties themselves; and from despairing contrast, as they glance at their own thin, awkward figures, dull, dark-circled eyes, and rough, sallow skip, attach far too much impor tance to the power of beauty-imagining that men see a handsome woman without commen ing upon her; to what enthusiasm a man is always moved by the sight of a splendid figure that men who, by any strange combination of circumstances have married homely women, never hesitate to continually express their admiration of their wives' handsome female friends; how their cousins, and brothers, and, frequently, their very escorts, are given to tell ing about such a girl's "lovely hair," and another's "beautiful arms," and this one's "perfect foot and ankle," and that one's "glo is complexion," etc., etc., is it strange that the homely girls become possessed of an al-most morbid desire to improve their own appearance, if improvement is possible, deeming that so, alone, can they win some man's prais and regard? Is it strange that hearing their masculine friends so continually speaking of this and that young lady's prettiness, girls grow to believe that men think more of beauty than of any other quality in women, and reason—if they ever do reason, if not they arrive at the same conclusion in some other waythat to attain the chief end of the ordinary feminine existence—to be admired and to get a husband, they must do all in their power to beautify themselves physically?

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MORBIDNESS.

I THINK we form a great deal of our dispo sitions, and mold much of our characters from what we read, so that the scribe has much re sponsibility, and should ever strive to pen thoughts that will make us better and not worse. It is not my intention, in this article, to tell you what authors you should read, or what most str stories you should peruse; in fact, I'm not plied for. going to "hit" the story books or story papers, out just put in a word or two about some ar-

Perhaps this may not be strictly called an friend, and there are so many individuals suffering from her disease-morbidness-some or should have their "say ' to cure the complaint,

and why not I? A great murder had been committed: much of the newspaper was taken up with the minnumber of gashes on the body, and many more course, in due time, the arrest of the murderer "Can you tell me how to gain flesh his trial and sentence, his incarceration in jail

questions that "Mr. Editor" is called upon to the interest was transferred to the prisoner, answer, week after week, until the marvel is whom she had never seen, and who was that his stock of patience is not utterly exproven guilty, but whom she pitied and behausted by the constant demands made upon it lieved to be a martyr, or one unjustly accused. y the frivolous female sex.

Every scrap of paper she came across, relating to the murder or the murderer, was devoured man, he must certainly become disgusted with by her; she seemed to breakfast on murder, shore, and always keep ahead.

womankind; or rather—marriage not always having the effect of hightening the male victim's admiration for femininity!—if he were tim's admiration for femininity!—if he were the man explain his crime, and my friend that was to the present dictionary won't be able to reach ten feet, and your listener will jump over the enter the state of wedlock after obtaining such an insight into the foibles of the fair candidates one came. The night before the execution she could not sleep, but paced the room all night. moaning and exclaiming—"How can I sleep when he is to be hung to-morrow? Yes, toallowed.

After the last act was consummated, my friend read the uncondensed details; every word and act, too vividly described, was perused and re-perused until she was more fit to be the inmate of some lunatic asylum than to causes to man's susceptibility to the charm of a woman's physical attractions. Deny it all defenders of lordly manhood who may, the fact remains proven by famous instances in every age that very beautiful women have shaped as was laid prostrate on a sick-bed for weeks and weeks. The only panacea, as she grew better, was for us to fill her mind with all that was lively, cheerful, gleesome and gladsome, and to banish from her thoughts anything of a morbid nature. Her recovery was slow, but we were gratified to have her back with us. She is now well in health and spirits, and I doubt if her old morbidness returns to her.

You may think she was too sensitive—that her constitution was not strong enough for excitement of this kind. I grant you that, but there are thousands constituted exactly as she was, and whom the influence of such reading would affect in the same manner. It is in pity for these that we ask reporters to have pity but if " the masses" are not to be deprived of their pleasures (?) in reading these soul-harrowing details, I would deem it an act of Christerest in personal appearance is an outgrowth tian charity if the friends of those who are inclined to morbidness would withhold the peru-

The ghost stories that are often told to children serve to make them morbid, young as these children are. You, who are men and women grown, may laugh at such things, because you don't believe in them, but to the young they seem real and substantial. There are many mothers in this land who tell their children stories of the most blood-curdling nature, after they put them to bed, "just to keep them quiet." It does keep them quiet, for they are too frightened to move. Would it not be better to tell them of One whose All-seeing Eye watches, cares for and protects us through day and night? Rest would be sweeter, dreams would be pleasanter, and all would be made

I think some reforms are needed, and this is one I clamor for. Parents, have I not your hand on this? Let us all strive to make others happier if we cannot make them better, but the happier they are the better they will become, is the belief of

Foolscap Papers.

New Universal University.

I AM noted as a founder. I was foundered in early youth and never got over it. It is my design to found a University on the broadest plan, which will do away with the old minds of students and fit them with new minds. Insane

Young men will be taught the science of the Presidency—hand-shaking in all its branches, no other power is so potent or so well worth diplomacy, civil service, speech-making, etc., the possessing. Knowing, too, how rarely and when they leave the institution will be presented with a diploma entitling them to a eat in the Presidential chair, in case the Presi-

dent is out and no one happens to be about. One department will be devoted to the art of having a mother-in-law. This has never been successfully taught, and many men do not seem to possess it. Fifteen mothers-in-law, well qualified for the instruction, will conduct this department with eminent success, and every student who lives to graduate will be presented with a certificate of good behavior which will be worth a good deal to him in his

The lost art of telling a good egg from a bad one without tasting it, or putting it in your coat pocket and sitting down on it, will be especially taught.

The student will be instructed fully in correspondence; how to answer a request to remit in such a manner that the tailor will be glad ou didn't send the money; how to write loveetters that will not be brought in as evidence n breach of promise suits; how to inform your wife's aunt that you will not be at home should she make her intended visit so that she will be glad to stay away; how to write a letter to the old man for some more stamps that will bring stamps of some kind without fail: how to de cline a duel so that both of you will be elated that you didn't fight, etc.

Then there is the art of being rich; a special class in this department will be furnished with all the money they want to spend, have nothing else to do but be lazy, wear the best clothes. go everywhere they want to, snub their poor friends and relations and cut a big swell. beauty of this system is that it will give them such a desire to really become rich that after they leave this university they will make the strenuous efforts to be so. Patent ap-

Young ladies will be taught the art of keeping a secret, and if a girl in the sixth story is given one to preserve, and the same evening the cook in the basement knows all about it, ssay so much as an incident in the life of a she will be severely punished by being allowed only two cups of coffee at supper.

Politics of all kinds will be taught in a lump,

and the various financial measures will be blended so that when a student leaves and goes into politics nobody will know whether he is a Republican, Democrat, Greenbacker, or a Yaoo, and of course he will have all the undivided support of all parties.

Young ladies will be instructed in the art of making home happy in every branch, including smiling serenely, sweeping cleanly, presiding queenly, washing dishes sweetly, keeping things neatly, sewing on buttons tightly, always looking brightly, never being unsightly, washing the clothes whitely, and not complain-ing nightly in case her husband happens to be

unavoidably detained late down-town The art of scientific rowing will be diligently taught, and every student will be expected to hoe his own row with precision, so that he will be able to go gayly down the stream of life in a shell boat, to the applause of those on

fence and take across lots.

The science of Tending to other People's Business, being much in the decline of late, will be fully resurrected and taught. Two of my neighbors have been offered Professorships morrow's moon will shine upon another new-made grave." I believe she actually wished to no hesitancy of assuring students that it will be in this department, and if they accept I have be present at the execution, but that was not the most successful department in the univer-

> Students will be taught the art of making a living without work, a thing in which but few have succeeded of late. Having spent many industrious years of my life in the pursuit of this pleasing art I will personally supervise this

In the Health Department students will be taught just how long to lean over the gate to keep from taking cold; how many ice creams a young lady should take at one sitting; just how tightly a corset should be drawn before it impedes the circulation of sense—the reason why she can endure more cold in a thinly-clad ballroom on a winter night than when at home in flannels; why more than six meals a day is al-most injurious to the health; why it is so dangerous to be hung; why blowing into the muzzle of a gun is injurious to health, etc.
Young ladies will be taught the science of

rightly determining how they look by looking at their shadow on the street, or by merely noticing the size of the squints of their lady friends whom they pass. The art of courtship will be made easy in a few practical lessons, two old maids who see now just how to do it, will give the necessary instructions.

The art of giving the people a better impression of you than you really deserve will be rigidly taught, and the science of Honesty will be a silent study-students will pass in file by the marble statue of the proprietor of this University and no extra remarks will be al-

Poetry will be a specialty; there is nothing like it when you fall into love or in a mudpuddle. It has the softness of both sexes, and a young man with a poem on spring or a young woman with a poem on Blighted Affections animate the editorial department of the known world. Poetry will live as long as there are poets, and some people will sing if they are struck with a club. I am sorry to observe that poetry, good common, is down to ten dollars a line now

Everything that your neighbor knows will be taught in this institution, and if you soon do not know more than your teachers, no questions or tuition will be asked.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN. Pro and Con-fessor

Topics of the Time.

—Doctor Schliemann has telegraphed from Ithaca to Athens: "We have made a great discovery. On the plateau which extends toward the western shore of the south-east part of the island, we have found, in digging, ninety houses of cyclopean construction, belonging the Homeric city of Ithaca. Impossible to express here the methodical result of our excavations. The winter rains have washed into the sea all the ancient treasures. Nevertheless, the discovery of these ruins constitutes a valuable treasure for the island. All the lovers of antique souvenirs will hasten to visit the city of Homer."

—Mr. Gladstone, visiting King William's Col-

students and fit them with new minds. Insane people will be taken in and will depart with one of the best intellects in the world, almost as good for all ordinary purposes as mine, and young students attending there, with no mind in their heads, will have the hollow of their heads upholstered with minds which will render them famous.

This is designed to be the most creditable institution in the land from the fact that it will be run entirely on credit, and I am deserving of a great deal more than I get.

Young men will be taught the science of the

—Michigan University conferred 383 degrees during the past year. Students there are now allowed to graduate when they have taken a allowed to graduate when they have taken a certain number of courses, thus giving more gifted students a chance to complete their studies earlier than the average of poor students, proper precautions being taken by the faculty to prevent mere cramming. The particularly clever student can now obtain his first degree in a little less than four years, and his second degree in a little less than five years. President Angell has suggested to the regents the institution of a course of lectures on Pedagogics. The college fiscal year closed with no indebtedness, and an excellent balance in the treasury.

In the recent Episcopal "Congress" at Cin-

and an excellent balance in the treasury.

—In the recent Episcopal "Congress" at Cincinnati—where were gathered the dignitaries and many of the most eminent men of the Church, a paper was read from the pen of Rev. Dr. Osgood (of New York city) on "The Novel in Modern Life." Its recognition of the part which the novel plays in our intellectual life was very strongly and unequivocally stated. We quote but a paragraph: "Many a lovely and innocent girl allows herself to be virtually questioned by the romance upon subjects upon which she permits no man to speak to her, and, on the other hand, many a rough worldling finds himself rebuked and melted by a story of sacrifice and sanctity more thrilling than he dares in sober prudence to approve, and perhaps more exalting than he remembers to have known in his dim remembrances of the pulpit. Whatever man heart has been left to drift in great part from its old keepers, and the novel has bid strongly for the office of keeper, and its bid, to a large extent, has been accepted. It owes its power, not only to the interest of its incidents, but to the art of its plot, characters and style. It does for private life by literary art very much what painting, sculpture and architecture do for public life by visible art." -The Rev. W. J. Smith is a muscular Chris

tian who goes bear-shooting every fall in California. In a letter to the *Presbyterian Banner* from Visalia, he describes one of his adventures on the last evening in camp. He had walked toward the river and reached the head of a ravine, when he saw an enormous bear, eight feet long, and weighing 800 pounds, lying in the clover. The ministerial Nimrod crawled on ravine, when he saw an enormous bear, eight feet long, and weighing 800 pounds, lying in the clover. The ministerial Nimrod crawled on hands and knees and got within a hundred yards of the bear; and the rifle was aimed and a ball lodged in Bruin's fore-shoulder. There was a steep rocky gulch between them. A second bullet was planted in the bear's shoulder and then a third, until he stopped, and roaring fearfully, tore up the ground in his rage, sat down on his great haunches, took up his hind foot with his fore paws, and with his tusk tore it and gashed it like a knife. He had reached the edge of the gulch, and was clambering the last ledge of rock to descend. As he straightened up his neck the sportsman aimed full at it and gave him a fourth round. In a moment he loosened his clutch, and came tumbling like a young avalanche to the bottom of the gulch, bellowing in the agonies of death. "I thought," writes the minister, "I had broken his neck, and after a while walked down near him, but when within eight or ten feet, to my utter consternation, I saw him rise to his feet, and I think Providence guided the bullet that went crashing through his brain, and he dropped dead at my very feet. Of course it was a trophy. but I do not think I care about and he dropped dead at my very feet. Of course it was a trophy, but I do not think I care about being present when there's another scrape like that a-bruin, where your bullets flatten out like wafers, for it certainly was a bear escape from a fate similar to that of the hoodlums in Elijah's day who cried, 'Go up, thou bald head.'"

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Captain Belle;" "The King Grizzly;"
"A Sportive Girl;" "Resting on the Right;" "Let
Trust be Given;" "A Romance of Two Schools;"
"Maid Maude;" "How Lulu Won the Shoes;" "A
Sly Puss;" "Be True to those who are True;" "Do
It if You Can!"

Declined: "Our Fallen Hero;" "A Note of Demand; "When Over the Sea;" "Will I Know it
Sweet?" "A Guess;" "The Broker's Choice;"
"Mary Don't Marry;" "When Will She Call!"
"Love Is Love;" "The Foreman's Fair Captive;"
"Be Happy while we May."

JNo. H. W. Poem is old in subject, We have already printed several on same theme.

A. D. S. Opal is considered unlucky and is never

A. D. S. Opal is considered unlucky and is never sed for an engagement ring. Pearl is preferable,

GEORGE. Write to Hon. W. F. Cody, care N. Y. SATURDAY JOURNAL. We have not Tom Sun's address. Mr. Cody can give it.

H. Nar. Send to Scribner's Sons, New York, for their catalogue. You can only see the Astor Library Catalogue, by calling at the Library.—Andrew S. Fuller, Ridgewood, N. J., is the best person to address for Entomological information. address for Entomological information.

W. M. C. A husband who refuses to bestow upon his wife a certain portion of his earnings, which she shall have for her own unquestioned use, is denying her any equivalent for her labor. She does his work for him—serves faithfully her part of the family economy which leaves him wholly free to work for both, and he is bound in honor and justice to share with her his earnings.

O share with her his earnings.

ADELPHI ST. If the visit gave such pleasure it is entirely proper to admit that it did please, and o extend an invitation to renew it under the same suspices. At your age the disposition is to refuse avors from an apprehension of seeming over-bold; but where the bestowal of the favor gives mutual leasure a refusal is apt to cool friendship or give lispleasure. Young ladies who do all they can to clease a friend, and seek for opportunity to show heir consideration for others are sure to become avorites.

MARY L. To grow unhappy over circumstances will not better things. Of course it is your right to be less dependent, and to earn the means requisite for your personal adornment and comfort. Being of age your fathers "scruples" ought not to restrict your freedom of action or measurably interfere with your happiness. A clerk's salary is too meager, and the service too exacting to make it desirable, if you can do better—as you probably can.—You write very nicely indeed.—Any costumer can supply the suit you have selected for the picture, which will be very becoming to one of full figureand size. To have your own way about the matter go alone to the photographer. No more impropriety in doing so than in going alone to a dentist's room or art gallery.

George R. asks: "Do you think that my sweet-

or art gallery.

GEORGE R. asks: "Do you think that my sweetheart has any right to go away on a long journeywith another gentleman, and his sister without asking my permission?" We certainly think that she has. It is perfectly proper for her to be mistress of her own affairs, at present, and, even after marriage, a sensible woman may very properly resent unwarrantable interference and dictation from her husband. Because a lady promises to love you she does not become your slave, nor relinquish her rights as a free moral agent. A sweetheart, or a wife, has as much right to think and act for herself independently of what her lover or husband may think, as the lover or husband has. If you are willing to "ask permission" of your sweetheart, and of your wife, concerning all that you do, then you may talk about requiring her to "ask permission."

or your wife, concerning all that you do, then you may talk about requiring her to "ask permission."

Mrs. Lucy Nenninger: Washing lisle-thread gloves is a very simple affair. Make a lukewarm suds, and thoroughly rub the gloves through it, either upon the hands, or merely with the hands. Rinse nicely and pin in the air to dry.—To clean kid gloves is more difficult, but with care a lady may clean her kid gloves quite as nicely as it is done at a dyer's. Buy deodorized benzine. Ten cents' worth will clean several pairs. Have your benzine in a saucer, and plenty of clean cotton or linen cloths, and a piece of white flannel. Dip one glove in the sancer, up and down, squeezing gently, until the greater part of the dirt is out; then lay it upon the cloths and rub with the flannel until it is dry. Hang, immediately, in a sunny, opened window. Never wet but one glove at a time. It is better to clean the gloves before they get too dirty. Any good glove will be as soft and clean as new when cleansed in this way.—Pisnos should be tuned regularly, every two or three months, and not left until badly out of order. A lump of camphor placed in the left, back corner of your piano will prevent the moths destroying the cloth in action. Do not let your piano set near a register or opened window, and always close it when through using it.

JULIUS STEWART asks: "Where is faimbo, and where did the word originate? Will you tell me

let your piano set near a register or opened window, and always close it when through using it.

JULIUS STEWART asks: "Where is Limbo, and where did the word originate? Will you tell me whether America can claim among her writers any distinguished essayists; if so, who are they? What do the initials I. H. S., seen often on crosses and church windows, really mean?" Limbo, according to Papist tradition, was purgatory, the border lands of hell, through which even the saints were obliged to pass before reaching Heaven; and it is related that when Christ died "and descended into Hell," pissing through Limbo he liberated all the saints. There were three Limbos. Limbus patrum, limbus infantum and limbus fatuorum; the first, where the souls of good men are kept until Christ sets them free; the second, a place for the souls of unbaptized infants; the third, a fool's paradise—a receptacle for all vanity and nonsense.—I he word is derived from the Latin limbus, a border or edge.—Yes; America can claim several distinguished essayists, and many of considerable note: Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, J. G. Holland, Wm. Ellery Channing, George Wm. Curtis, Washington Irving, Benjamin Franklin, Richard H. Dann, Henry D. Thoreau, Donald G. Mitchell, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Mrs. Dodge, etc.—The initials I. H. S. have hamisum Salvator; Jesus the Savior of men," and "In hoc salus; In this is salvation," meaning the cross.

hombum Salvator; Jesus the Savior of men," and "In hoe salus; In this is salvation," meaning the cross.

LAURA D. K. says: "I want to ask some advice." My father has promised me a set of ear-rings, and a locket to match, if I will not receive any calls from gentlemen, or any attentions from them at all, or go into company at all for two years. I am sixteen and I have a beau—a splendid-looking young man. Now, would you accept the offer? Do you not think in ybeau will think me mean? But if I take the jewelry, what kind shall I tell my father to bring methe very newest, handsomest style, without precious stones?" Accept the offer by all means. Never mind what your beau thinks. Devote the next two years to adding to the graces of mind and body. A girl is quite young enough, at eighteen, to be having lovers, and going into society. To have company while so young will make you seem quite old and passee by the time you are twenty, when you should be in the first and fairest flush of young womanbood.—The newest styles of gold ear-rings are in imitation of various patterns of antique vases, urns, and jugs, the fancy work in frosted, burnished, and dyed gold, and filagree. Newest lockets are medallions or squares upon which heads are emended to such a plant of the first and fairest flush of young will be new much longer. Many of the lockets have a pin attached at the back, so that they may be worn with or without a necklace.

ELSIE D. asks: "Is there a 'china wedding,' if so, when does it occur? What is the form of an invitation to a tin-wedding, and what would be appropriate the first of such a wedding?" The twentieth anniversary of the wedding, but by others as the "linen wedding." The former seems more appropriate, following the "wooden," "tin," and "crystal" weddings.—The form of an invitation to any wedding anniversary is about the same:

The pleasure of your company is requested at the

1853—1878.

The pleasure of your company is requested at the Tin Wedding Reception

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith, On Thursday Evening, Nov. 14th, at nine o'clock. R. S. V. P. 675 Linden Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith,
On Thursday Evening, Nov. 14th, at nine o'clock.
R. S. V. P.

By varying the dates, and using the word "paper,"
"wooden," "crystal," "china," "silver," "golden," or "diamond," this form of invitation may be used for any anniversary occasion. The "tin-wedding" invitations should be made upon cards covered with tin-foll, or, if sent upon ordinary wedding note-paper, at in card should be inclosed. At the bottom of these invitations, if the sender prefers, may be the words, "No presents," or a separate card may be inclosed, announcing: "It is preferred that no wedding-gifts be offered." When such an announcement is made, it is still not improper for such friends as desire to bring tokens of remembrance; neither, when there is no expressed wish against the offering of gifts, is it amiss for friends to respond to wedding gifts there is scarcly a limit to the articles that may be chosen, nearly all useful rather than ornamental; nests of tea-trays, nests of pans, saucepans, strainers, sieves, etc., spice-boxes, match-safes, jelly-molds, pudding-tins, cake-boxes, tea and coffee caddies, crumb-trays, apple-corers, egg-whisks, muffin-rings, children's trays, knife and fork boxes, cake-cutters—any of which will be acceptable to an accomplished housewife.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

THE ROSE OF ALLAN.

BY HALCYON GRAY.

Thus runs the ancient prophecy:
When on the field of battle dying,
Earl Malcolm-Allan's enemy—
Saw the foe's flag victorious flying,
He uttered with his latest breath
A curse—a doom, that sunk in death.

I fling my hate on Allan Tower!
I read the doom that time discloses,
Thy vaunted name, thy boasted power
Shall fail with Allan's fading roses.
The rose—fit emblem of thy might—
Shall find surcease in sudden blight!"

He paused, and yet again he spoke:
"One deed may save thy falling line,
THE DOOM A MAIDEN MAY REVOKE
BY GIVING UP HER LIFE FOR THINE!"
These words, whose import none could trace,
Form a tradition of the race.

Sweet maid, from out thy lattice bower,
O'er which the rose of Allan trailing
Makes fragrant shadow, mark the hour
That sees the rose-vine's shadow failing,
And there be sign of sudden blight,
Then falls the doom on Allan Hight!

Oh, lovely rose! ah, fading flower!
Thy waking and thy waning glory
Gifted with talismanic power
Shall breathe my lady fair the story
Of weal or woe, of loss or gain
To him she waits, alas! in vain.

In vain! for in some land afar,
The last proud heir of Allan's name
Seeks to retrieve his fallen star
And win himself a fitting fame
Ere he returns to claim the maid
Who guards the rose-vine's restless shade.

Thunder and lightning, wind and rain
In awful pomp, and mighty power,
Wreak their wild vengeance and amain
Hurl frightful blasts at Allan Tower *
* * * Woe and alas! the tempest spent,
Shows the doomed rose uprooted—rent.

But sadder than the rose's blight,
The mournful scene the day discloses:
Far, far below the dizzy hight
On which dark Allan Tower reposes,
In the dim chasm, vast and gray,
The promised bride of Allan lay.

Ard lo! tight clasped upon her breast,
One little hand in death incloses,
(Dead Malcolm, was it tay behest?)
A blooming branch of Allan roses
It finds new life above her tomb,
And thus revokes the Allan doom.

At Last!

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A BREATHLESSLY close mid-August day, with a murky sky and everything damp and sticky. A genuine specimen of the "dog-days," when the barometer is discouragingly low and the thermometer disproportionately high; when people feel irritable and acid, ambitionless and exhausted and life sews a hardenings of

up her position at the head of the narrow little cot, palm-leaf fan in hand.

"Try to sleep, child," she said, kindly. "And I think in an hour or so we will have a shower, and then how refreshed we will all feel."

And the nervous little invalid felt the comforting calm in Miss Ostrand's quiet words, and smiled feebly back in the sweet, patient eyes, and went to sleep, listening to the gentle swish of the fan as it made cool currents on her little hot cheeks.

worn off, because people cannot be, who perform bravely and faithfully the duty that lies at their hand, but there never had been a day when she had not thought of Hugh Allaire, and what a glorious perfection her life would have been if only he and she had kept their tempers, and not permitted pride and coldness to enter

what a glorious perfection her life would have been if only he and she had kept their tempers, and not permitted pride and coldness to enter their thin end of the tremendous wedge that separated them so widely.

Somehow, sitting over little Jennie Wraith's bedside that oppressive August afternoon, Mabel's heart went out into more eager, earnest longings for the dead-and-buried days of yore, that, for all they had so long been dead and buried, were never to be forgotten. Somehow there kept crowding into her mind and memory that mysterious, subtle, half-pleasurable, half-painful experience so many, many women could bear attest to—that exquisite sensation, made up of sweetness and bitterness, aroused by a fragment of a song we hear sung, that we once heard sung when youth and hope and love was with us—awakened by a fragment of a song we hear sung, that we once heard sung when youth and hope and love was somebody—some wandering street singer—toiling wearily along, stopping in shaded spots that were scarcely less bearable than where the sun would have been falling in hot lances had the clouds not hung so low; an olive-faced, sad-eyed, barefooted Italian boy, sweeping his harp-strings are not been falling in hot lances had the clouds not hung so low; an olive-faced, sad-eyed, barefooted Italian boy, sweeping his harp-strings

clouds not hung so low; an olive-faced, sad-eyed, barefooted Italian boy, sweeping his harp-strings with grimy fingers, but making a weird, sweet melody of chords to a gliding, caressing tune he sung in his beautiful liquid mother-tongue—the self-same tune, the self-same words that Mabel historied to the week last time she and Hugh Allaire had spent a happy time together one glorious midsummer day, at Elfin Woods, where a joyous picnic party had laughed and danced and sung from morn till moonrise. And a wandering minstrel-boy had been hailed on his way, and he had played and sung this years time.

ing minstrel-boy had been hailed on his way, and he had played and sung this very tune. It almost was more than Mabel could endure to listen as she sat there, fanning the child who smiled in her sleep. Then, the music ceased and Mabel arose softly and went for her relief assistant, and rushed away to her little room, to fight down the pitiful longing that did not often—thank God!—kill her like this.

An hour or so afterward she was her quiet, unnervous self again.

next morning found her treading the same sacred ground in Elfin Woods where she and Hugh Allaire had been so happy that last happy time.

It was a restful, quiet day that Mabel spent all alone by herself in the cool grand old woods, where all the long summer day there were only the soft sighing of the wind among the tree-tops, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the rus

Miss Cecil Varland looked across the big handsome parlors of the Adrian House—straight at the fine figure and manly, strengthful face of the gentleman who stood in one of the open French windows, gazing out with a half-ab-stracted air that did not argue very complimen-tary for the host of pretty girls of whom Cecil Varland was one Varland was one.

Varland was one.

"He is an enigma, but he shall not puzzle me much longer," Miss Varland told herself as she arose from her chair and went across the long deserted room. And then her clear, pleasant tones half-startled him from the little reverie into which he had fallen at sight of the dear old familiar landscape that lay before him which he had not seen for years and years since before he had gone abroad. And he had not yet been at home a fortnight.

he had gone abroad. And he had not yet been at home a fortnight.

"Are you admiring the charming view, Mr. Allaire, or thinking of some pretty girl somewhere or other? Do you know you've been awfully unsociable lately?"

Hugh Allaire smiled at Cecil's girlish remarks, then a little look of gravity came across his face.

his face.

"I certainly deserve some severe punishment
"I certainly deserve some severe punishment "I certainly deserve some severe punishment for daring to even appear unsocial where there are so many charming entertainers. And your surmises were both correct—I was admiring Elfin Woods, and thinking of a dear friend with whom I have often passed very pleasant hours over yonder in the quiet, cool shadows."

Cecil puckered up her forehead in a little frown, half jealous indignation, half cold sarcasm.

casm.
"You don't mean Mabel Ostrand? I've heard

He cut her almost abruptly short.

"I do mean Miss Ostrand. She was the noblest woman I ever saw. And I would give half the rest of my life if I knew where to find her?"

And when Miss Varland, a little later, saw her hero walking off in the direction of Elfin Woods, she made up her mind that she had read the enigma, but that the reading was of no

the enigma, but that the reading was of no available account to her.

While Hugh Allaire walked on and on, thinking of the days when he had thought himself blessed above all other men because Mabel Ostrand had given her love to him.

If he only knew where she was! If only he knew how she was—well or ill, married and forgetful of him, or loyal and true and forgiving, as was he. If only he could learn of her some way, somehow, and the quick throbbing eagerness at his heart was cruelly crushed into the old hopelessness at the ridiculous, impossible idea that perhaps fate might work some fairy wonder for him.

thermometer disproportionately high; when people feel irritable and acid, ambitionless and exhausted, and life seems a burden almost too heavy and hot to carry.

Mabel Ostrand lifted a pale, patient face from a book she was reading in a dusky corner.

"Yes; what is it, Jennie? You are not feeling worse?"

Her cheery, prompt voice was in accord with her sweet, courageous face—just the face and the voice that were needed in that quiet, gloomy ward of St. Sulpice's Hospital, where Mabel Ostrand was fulfilling her destiny, and laying up treasures above by her devotion, and patience, and charity, and self-sacrifice.

Little Jennie Wraith tossed her poor thin arms outside the coarse, clean coverlet.

"Oh, I'm no worse, Miss Ostrand, but it is so, so hot lying here! If there was only a breath of fresh air!"

Mabel laid her book quietly aside, and took up her position at the head of the narrow little cot, palm-leaf fan in hand.

"Try to sleep, child," she said, kindly. "And I think in an hour or so we will have a shower, and then how refreshed we will all feel."

And the nervous little invalid felt the comforting calm in Miss Ostrand's quiet words, and

forting calm in Miss Ostrand's quiet words, and smiled feebly back in the sweet, patient eyes, and went to sleep, listening to the gentle swish of the fan as it made cool currents on her little hot cheeks.

While Mabel sat there, unconsciously falling into one of her reveries, in which there came such sweet, tender memories of other daysyears and years agone, when life had opened such enticing vistas for her glad young feet; when hope beckoned her always, and joy was her constant attendant.

And all because of Hugh Allaire, whom she The little jet of gas over the table in Mabe

And all because of Hugh Allaire, whom she had loved so dearly, who had been her betrothed husband, and then, one day, when some little difference had arisen between them—oh, such a trivial, foolish difference those succeeding bitter years had shown her it was!—there had come a breach between them, and then—She had not seen him for years and years, and she had taken the position in the hospital because to her way of thinking it was far nobler and better to be of such practical use than to earn an equal amount of money in making up fancy articles, or selling goods behind a counter. She had not been unhappy after the first agony had worn off, because people cannot be, who person the matron of the accident ward is out, and there's a bad case just brought in—oh, cut and t

ing, but whose eyes were eloquent with a look that was an awful commingling of woe and gladness—that told to the horrified woman who sprung to his side, that in all those years of cruel separation, in this supreme hour of mortal anguish, love had been and was, lord of all.

Brave, patient Mabel! All those agonizing hours she never left his side, and when at last he shut his heaviful eyes and she kissed them he shut his beautiful eyes and she kissed them down for the sleep that knows no waking, she knew that for her, a great light had gone utter-

land home a beautiful woman stood looking out upon the glory of a bright October morning. Her hands were crossed, her head slightly drooped, her whole attitude betrayed that she gave no heed to the brightness before her, but was busy with some regretful memory of the past. Presently a door opened and a familiar step caused her heart to beat more quickly, but

past. Heserottics to beat more quickly, but step caused her heart to beat more quickly, but she neither turned nor spoke.

"A pleasant morning, Blanche; why so pensive?" and a strong man's hand rested gently on She turned, then, and let her lovely hazel eyes

meet his.

"I was thinking to-night is Hallow-e'en!"

The face of Herbert Delyle changed instantly.

He, too, looked upon the brilliant-hued hills with the morning sunlight upon them and saw

Swiftly memory reverted to the happy weeks five years before when he and the woman who stood near him had been visitors at her guardian's, Judge Delano's; when he had talked, and Swiftly memory reverted to the happy weeks fight down the pittight longing that did not often the bind every successful and receeds again; when the bind responsible to them and receeds again; when the bind responsible to resist the spells which all all the bind receives unclosed a moment in bewilderd, and when he was in her presence he found it almost impossible to resist the spells which the bind revest a more thank God!—kill her like this.

An door, will work wonders and help me to resist these morbid feelings."

And so, when she heard the rush and roar of rain in the night, and saw the purifying that the storm had done on the morrow, and felt the cool strong wind fresh from the north-west, she asked for the day off she so yearned for, and the membered, every when the and the woman who the bitidity and not receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to the blood rushed to the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed the blood rushed the blood rushed to the blood of rushed to the blood rushed t

days before. Soon after came a letter from the judge briefly mentioning the marriage, stating that he should spend some six months in Europe on a wedding tour, and requesting that his niece Lily Delano, might become an inmate of Her pert's sister's home until their return. "Sh

Lily Delano, might become an inmate of Herbert's sister's home until their return. "She will miss her friend Blanche, and myself, so much," the judge wrote, "and be so lonely in this big house, I should be more contented to know she was spending the winter in the city under your care."

He recalled the days of misery which followed this letter, the coming of the fair, graceful Lily, whom he had always reverenced but never dreamed of loving, the rest and peace, and content, which came to him through her companionship, the days when he had wooed and won her, the happy years they had passed together, until Blanche, a widow, had come to spend some months with them before returning to her sole surviving relative, an uncle, in England.

Now that Lily's face often wore a sad, troubled look, he did not care for his home nor his profession, but wa: filled constantly with a vague unrest. Why had this woman come to his paradise to torment him with visions of what might have been but for her falseness?

He turned to her almost fiercely as he said: "Why revive the past? Why bring back bitter memories? It is too late now. You never loved me. You—"
"Stay, Herbert; you wrong me. I did love you. I would have married you but mamma kept your letters from me; she made me believe you did not care for me and forced me to marry the judge."

eve you did not care for me and forced me to

arry the judge."
"Then you did not love your husband?"
"He was good and kind to me, but—I had And there is nothing for us to do but for

"That will be easy for you, but I—I have no one in all the wide world but you! Herbert

The cry hurt him. How could he, the soul of onor, looking into the lovely eyes which met is so frankly, know that the story she uttered his so frankly, know that the story she uttered was false, that she had preferred wealth and a European tour to comparative poverty and a quiet home? He grieved for her as in all those days of his misery he had not grieved for himself. His temptation was stronger than his strength. For one brief moment he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately; then the manhood in him asserted itself. He put her away and went into the house, never thinking that remorse for that one caress would be the away and went into the house, never thinking that remorse for that one caress would be the keenest pang life should ever bring him. Went into the house, and neither he nor the woman who had wronged him saw the livid face of his wife pressed against the window-pane—the witness of that passionate embrace.

"Oh! massa! come quick! how could you?
Missus dead! murdered! how could you?"
"Dead! murdered! Lily!"
"Yes, murdered, and with dis! take it! hide

"This! my razor! dead! what are you doing here? Rouse the house! Send for Dr. Bennett at once!" and he hurried to his wife's room.

The lamp was burning dimly. The sight he saw might well make a strong man shudder. Lily lay with her ghastly face turned toward the door, her form straight and still, her glazed "This! my razor! dead! what are you doing here? Rouse the house! Send for Dr. Bennett at once?" and he burried to his wife's room.

The lamp was burning dimly. The sight he saw might well make a strong man shudder. Lily lay with her ghastly face turned toward the door, her form straight and still, her glazed eyes open, one pale arm bared, a purple stream beside the pillow where the instrument had surely done its work.

Soon all was confusion. Mr. Delyle had some knowledge of medicine. He tried all the simple restoratives he could command, refusing to believe she could be dead.

The physician arrived, shocked by the summons.

"A razor, the radial artery opened! Who could have done it? she has not been dead an hour."

"A razor, the radial artery opened! Who could have done it? she has not been dead an hour."

"Bub exclaimed, rather astonished at two with its, after a brief interview with her, I will agree to stand a wine supper for you do not own that it is, after a brief interview with her, I will agree to stand a wine supper for you may choose to name."

"But will the—siren—be graciously pleased to indulge me with an interview?" Lawrence ask, his curiosity somewhat excited by the words of the schemer.

"Oh, yes; I will introduce you?" Grahame residuals and will introduce you will not continued. "It brought in fire her physician arrived, shocked by the summons.

"ChaPTER XXVI.

PAULINA'S STORY.

"HALO! hallo!" cried Grahame, in apparent amazement; "are you two people acquainted with each other?"

The exclamation in a measure recalled the pair to their senses.

"Yes, I have had the pleasure of seeing the lumination which had changed the poor and low-live in the interview?" Lawrence ask will the—siren—be graciously pleased to indulge me with an interview?" Lawrence ask of the schemer.

"Unimeter in the interview in the story of the schemer."

"Oh, yes; I will introduce you?" Grahame residuals and the pair to their sense.

"Yes, The lam?" ("Yes, Teahame exclaimed; "Yes," the girl replied.

"It is really an odd thin

Blanche stood at the opposite side of the couch her eyes riveted upon the cold face of the one who had been her friend and her rival.

After a little the tiny clock upon the mantle slowly struck the hour of midnight. For one instant Mr. Delyle, looking across the couch and meeting the glance of the woman who stood there, forgot the years that had intervened be-tween the last Hallow-e'en they had spent to-

There was one exultant gleam in the hazel eyes which met his and said, as eagerly as any words could have done:

"You did this deed for me! though your hands are red with blood they shall clasp mine! though your soul be stained with sin it is mine! all mine! In spite of sin or shame, or life or deeth."

In spite of sin or shame, or life or death, I love you!"

A cold chill crept over Herbert Delyle's frame.

This woman, to whom he had given the love of his young manhood, whom he had believed worthy any honest man's devotion, could look into his face believing him false and foul, and pet, in such a solemn moment, and in such awful presence, glory in the guilty love she had won. Every spark of affection or respect he had ever felt for her died out of his heart at that moment. He looked down upon the quiet face of his dead wife and loathed himself and Blanche utterly.

face of his dead wife and loathed himself and Blanche utterly.

"Mrs. Delano," he said, "do not longer profane this place with your presence. The love I bear my wife—so good, so generous, so pure, so true, is as far above and beyond any love I ever had for you as heaven is from hell!"

"And yet you did—"

"Hush! you shall not utter the foul lie! I never did the deed, God knows! And you could believe it of me! Go! go! I could hate you, if I did not so utterly despise you!"

Herbert knelt beside Lily's couch in bitter, remorseful anguish.

Herbert kneit beside Lily's couch in bitter, remorseful anguish.

"If she might but know how gladly I would lay down my life to restore hers," he moaned.
"My wife! my wife! my angel! come back to me! I cannot live without you!"

He hid his face upon her cold heart, wetting it with torrents of hot tears; he pressed passionate kisses upon her chill lips as though his warm breath could bring life to hers.

Presently the door opened and the physician entered.

"I am not very sort of thing," Bub "Just wait until

ne last resort," he murmured. "If with this tube I can convey some of this cordial to her stomach, and then apply the battery, there is a chance. I knew one case of animation sus-

pended four hours."

What took place the next hour after the doctor's return Herbert never knew; but when at last a tremor ran through Lily's frame; when a shiver passed over her ashy lips; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Dark eyes and hair have made her fair; The passion of the Summer's June Half seems to break about her cheek And flow in words which well in tune.

To me she seems the gift of dreams That in an hour will flee away, And I be left with hopes bereft, All in the broken scenes of day.

Too sweet and fine for mouth of mine To take a treasure from her lips; Too all divine for hand of mine To touch her thrilling finger-tips.

How soft she moves, and lives, and loves And love has made her still more fair! Between us both is spoken troth, And oh, the day that shall declare!

The Winning Oar;

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the College boys of Harvard, of the great boatrace, of woman's love, man's treachery, and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON," "THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK," "SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF

pression upon his features that his thoughts were far away.

"Yes, and by the way, I have an appointment this evening," Harrison observed, abruptly. "It nearly slipped my memory."

"An appointment?"

"Yes, I promised to call at once upon my return to the city. Are you acquainted with Mademoiselle Paulina?"

The stroke-oar shook his head.

"I do not think that I am, although the name sounds familiar to me."

sponded, at once; "these children of genius are not hemmed in and about with quite so many decorous barriers as encompass their less fortu-nate sisters. I am quite intimately acquainted

with the song-bird and will introduce you. Come along and we will go there at once."
"All right, I'm with you," Bub replied, yielding to the impulse of the moment. So the two young men left the hotel and sal-

Which way?" asked the stroke-oar, as they

"Which way?" asked the stroke-oar, as they emerged from the portal
"Up Broadway," Grahame replied. "She resides in a sort of a private hotel, on Thirtieth street, much affected by the artist world. Within the modest confines of that five-story brownstone front you will find the rising painter, the aspiring poet, the successful tragedian, the queen of poetry of motion, the sweet singer who nightly charms the opera-loving world as well as the mystic brothers of the famous press-

who nightly charms the opera-loving world as well as the mystic brothers of the famous pressgang, who, with a single touch of their pens, make or mar the reputation of those bold souls who pant for a public life."

"It is to a great center of the Bohemian world, then, that I am to be introduced?"

"Exactly; and I can assure you, old fellow, that I am offering you a chance worth accepting!" Grahame exclaimed, with a light laugh. The two friends were strolling along, arm-in-arm up Broadway, as they conversed.

"I am highly favored, then?"
"By Jove! you never said a truer word!
Why, this girl is the rage, and has been so ever since she came to the city. I've known some of the gayest young bloods of the town try all sorts of games to procure an introduction, but she is very particular, and for a woman in pub-ic life bears a wonderful reputation. Of course all the daughters of genius, who expose themselves to the fierce glare of the sun of public approval, are talked about more or less. It is a price that they must pay for the fame and wealth which they acquire so easily and with so

A beauty!" Grahame exclaimed, enthusias-

"She has the voice of an angel! "I am not very well acquainted with that sort of thing," Bub remarked, quietly.

"Just wait until you see this girl, and if you don't bow down in idolatry before her then I

Bub's lip curled slightly, and an incredulous look came over his handsome face. Just then the image of his lost Winny was fresh in his memory, and he doubted the power of womankind to efface the impression. One siren only had he ever met in this world, and he did not believe that another existed. Kitty Goorge the impresor's daughter was a siren in

so recklessly.

Grahame advanced up the steps and rung the bell, Bub following close behind.

An elderly colored man answered the bell and from the look upon his face as he perceived Grahame it was plain that the Bostonian was no stranger to him.

"Is Mademoiselle Paulina at home, Jim?" he asked

asked.
"Yes, sah."
"Carry up my card, please," and Grahame
placed one of his pasteboards in the hand of the

servant.

"Yes, sah; walk in, gentl'men, to de parlor."

The servant ushered the twain into the reception-room and then departed.

The parlor was nicely furnished and only differed from the usual reception-room common to similar houses of its class in having the walls profusely adorned with portraits of all the artistic celebrities of the day.

Lawrence examined them with considerable

Lawrence examined them with considerable curiosity, and Grahame, who was well acquainted with all of them by sight, and with the greater part personally, took upon himself the task of enlightening his less learned companion.

Bub listened patiently as Grahame descanted first on one picture and then on another, enlivening his discourse every now and then with some choice bit of scandal regarding the originals of some of the pictures.

"You are well posted," Bub observed at last.

"Oh, yes, I'm up to all that's going, as the saying is," Grahame replied, complacently. The rustle of a woma.'s dress sounded in the entry just then; the young men turned; a tall, beautiful girl with lustrous, golden hair, magnificently dressed, came sweeping into the apartment, and then came a sudden and startling tableau.

KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON,"
"THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS
NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
"SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF
NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.
THE QUEEN OF SONG.

IN New York the two young men went to the same hotel, the palatial Fifth Avenue, and after supper they proceeded to the main entrance, and lighting their cigars, joined the throng who were lounging in and around the doorway.
"What a busy place this New York is?" Lawrence remarked, idly, his eyes wandering over the apparently unending stream of people passing up and down, but it was plain from the expression upon his features that his thoughts were far away.
"Yes, and by the way, I have an appointment this evening," Harrison observed, abruptly. "It nearly slipped my memory."
"Yes, I promised to call at once upon my return to the city. Are you acquainted with Mademoiselle Paulina?"

ment, and then came a sudden and startling tableau.
No sooner had the lady caught sight of the faces of the gentlemen than a cry of astonishment came from her lips and she started back utterly amazed.

And as for Bub Lawrence, upon Grahame's whispering in his ear, "Here she is," he had in curiosity turned to see the famous siren, but the moment his eyes fell upon her face he re-echoed the cry which had been forced from her lips by surjoistly turned to see the famous siren, but the moment his eyes fell upon her face he re-echoed the cry which had been forced from her lips and sen, "Here she is," he had in curiosity turned to see the famous siren, but they surjoistly turned to see the famous siren, but they awazed.

And as for Bub Lawrence, upon Grahame's whispering in his ear, "Here she is," he had in curiosity turned to see the famous siren, but they amazed.

And as for Bub Lawrence, upon Grahame's whispering in his ear, "Here she is," he had in curiosity turned to see the famous siren, but they area, whispering in his ear, "Here she is," he had in curiosity turned to see the famous siren, but they area, "Here she is," he had in curiosity turned to see the famous

turn to the city. Are you acquainted with Mademoiselle Paulina;"
The stroke-oar shook his head.
"I do not think that I am, although the name sounds familiar to me."
"Oh, you must have heard of the lady; Mademoiselle Paulina is the famous vocalist, the very queen of beauty and of song."
"Yes, I think that I have noticed her name in the newspapers."
"Apply it would be been so thoroughly and utterly astounded.
For a moment he could hardly believe the evidence of his eyesight, and he blinked and stared like an owl suddenly brought from the darkness of an obscure nook into the light.
But, there was no mistake; Kitty Googage the Cambridge girl and the sweet-voiced siren, Mademoiselle Paulina, were one and the same.

here you suddenly recognize each other as old friends. Well, well, it is odd!" The stroke-oar cast a searching glance into the face of the other. Was it possible, he thought, that Grahame did not know that this queen of song, this lady who, on the mimic stage, had fascinated both old and young New York, was only the bar-maid of the village ale-house, old Ben Googage's daughter? It might be so. Grahame rarely visited Cambridge, and

be so. Grahame rarely visited Cambridge, and the chances were a hundred to one that he had never happened to see the girl. He must be careful, then, not to betray her secret.

And Kitty, too, on her part, had favored the arch-plotter with an earnest look. She understood only too well that Grahame knew who and what she was, and now she asked herself the question—Why and for what object had he brought Bub Lawrence into her presence and thus rudely torn away the vail of secrecy with which she had enshrouded herself? For no good nurroes she was sure for in her heart she diswhich she had enshrouded herself? For no good purpose, she was sure, for in her heart she distrusted the wily and smooth-spoken "Harry Gray," although, to save her life, she could not have given good and sufficient reasons for the odd feeling; but women are creatures of instinct; they yield blindly to a whim and do not seek to fortify their actions by logical reasonings.

ings.
But Grahame, with a smile "that was child-like and bland," beamed upon them both, and if he had dark and deep designs buried within his heart, no trace of them could be discerned in his

heart, no trace of them could be discerned in his face.

"By Jove! it is about as odd a thing as I ever remember!" Grahame continued; "and since you are old acquaintances, I trust you will both excuse me for a few minutes while I run upstairs to Signor Bilatka's sanctum. The signor is the coming pianist of the age, Bub, and I take a wonderful interest in him. I'll be back in fifteen minutes — adieu!" And then Grahame bowed himself out of the room, much to the relief of both of the others, for in truth they were terribly embarrassed, and in the presence of a third party an explanation was not possible.

After the departure of Grahame the girl sunk into the nearest chair with a sigh of relief.

Bub for a moment remained motionless, a bewildered look upon his face.

Once again he was in the presence of the sirem whom he had sworn to avoid; once again he was exposed to the fascinations of the woman who exercised such a strange influence over him. Was that influence to be for good or evil? Ah! that remained to be seen, and yet there was a subtle suspicion lurking within the young man's heart that his intimacy with the girl could result in nothing but evil.

As we have said, for a moment he stood motionless as a rooted tree and gazed earnestly into the lovely face of the girl. He had thought that she was a charming creature when dressed in the plainest attire, as became the bar-maid of

reality as strong as the massive links of the

manacled prisoner's chain.

"You are surprised to see me, no doubt," she said, looking straight into his face and smilingly inviting him to approach.

"Yes," he replied; and, unable to resist the charm, he advanced to her side and seated himself so near to her that he had but to reach out his hand to touch her.

"No more surprised, though, than I am to behold you, for you are the very last person in this world that I expected to see."

"But explain this mystery: who and what

"But explain this mystery: who and what

"But explain this mystery: who and what are you?"

"I am Mademoiselle Paulina, the bright, particular star of the Alhambra Music Hall, in 14th street." she replied, firmly, but with anxious eyes fixed upon the face of the young man, eager to witness the effect of the speech.

"The Alhambra Music Hall?" he murmured.
"Yes, where I nightly sing; I am a vocalist by profession and I command the highest salary given to any artist who treads the boards of a music hall. As you can plainly see, I lead a double life:—when I am home with my parents, I am plain Kitty Googage, but here, in New York, over a certain circle I reign as queen, with none to dispute my sway, and I am known as Mademoiselle Paulina."

There was an air of bravado plainly apparent both in the girl's voice and manner. She feared the effects of the disclosure, but she had resolved

the effects of the disclosure, but she had resolved to make the best of it.

In brief she intimated—I am so and so, I am not ashamed of it, although perhaps you may think that I have cause to be ashamed.

To tell the truth Lawrence hardly knew what to make of the matter. He was so much surprised by the disclosure that he hardly knew what to think. He had not a very high opinion of the "bright particular stars" of the music halls. He had come in contact with two or three of them and not one of them had impressed him.

of them, and not one of them had impressed him favorably.

"My parents do not know what I am doing," the girl continued, rapidly, determined that he should know the whole story. "They have a holy horror of the stage and all that belongs to it. I assist them out of my earnings, but they would turn from the money in horror if they only knew how I gained it. In fact I really believe that they would rather accept money gained by downright theft than the gains of the stage, as they consider it an abomination."

"How did you happen to enter upon this life?" Bub asked, his curiosity excited.

"Ever since I was a child I had been noted for my excellent voice. I have often been told by good judges that if I had had proper instructions I would have made a great opera singer. My father was in difficulties; his inn was not paying, and he expected to lose it and with it all his little savings which he had invested in it. I resolved to use the talents which Heaven had given me, secretly and unknown to my folks. I made the attempt, and succeeded. The public that I sing to is an easily satisfied monster, my audience do not demand cultivation so much as voice and style, both of which the world says that I sing to is an easily satisfied monster, my audience do not demand cultivation so much as voice and style, both of which the world says I have. My folks think that I am the forewoman of a millinery store on Broadway—that I receive an excellent salary, and that the money I send to them is my surplus earnings. The cheat is not likely to be discovered, for this blonde hair and the glamour of the stage almost defy recognition; and, besides, there is no sum of money in this world that would tempt either my father or mother to go inside the walls of a theater."

theater."
This sounds more like a romance than reality," Bub observed, thoughtfully.

"And is all the romance of the world confined to the pages of the novelist?" she exclaimed.

"Do not believe it! The mind of man cannot invent wilder deeds than the will of man can

es, that is truth itself. The appearance of Grahame at this moment interrupted the interview.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 445.)

QUESTIONING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Oh, lips, beneath the grasses gray,
Eeneath the dead leaves and the mold,
If you could speak to us to-day
What strange, weird secrets would be told.
Dear lips that I have often kissed,
Unclose, and answer me to-day,
Or is death's silence like a mist
Which sbuts the world and us away?

Oh eyes beneath the dead leaves hid, I wonder if you cannot see, Through the soft fringes of your lid. The blossoms blowing for the bee? Say, can you see the grasses stir Beneath the kisses of the Spring? Be Nature's true interpreter, And answer all my questioning.

Oh, heart, true heart, whene'er I kneel
Between you and the tender sky,
Does not some influence make you feel
That he, who loved you so, is nigh?
Oh, love, love, love! it cannot be
That you are dead to things of old.
I know you hear and think of me,
Beneath the dead leaves and the mold.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

MR. GURLEY flung the newspaper from him and threw himself back in his chair.

"What's the matter, uncle?" asked a young lady, who was pouring out Mr. Gurley's coffee.

"Matter! Why, Anna, my friend Harbinger's gone and got married again! At his age! And a widow, too, with a grown-up son! Of course heall charge his will pow. Just my lack! Wella widow, too, with a grown-up son! Of course he'll change his will now. Just my luck! Well, if he does, he'll perjure himself, at all events. The question, then, will be, whether such perjury would not absolve me—; but I shall outlive him, without doubt. He's ten years older than I, and married to a widow with a grown-up son. Oh, it's enough to kill him in a twelve-month! Poor Harbinger!"

"But why should he alter his will, uncle?" inquired his niece.

"Do you suppose his wife—with her grown-

"Very likely; but her uncle wants my husquired his niece.
"Do you suppose his wife—with her grownup son—will allow him to leave his fortune to
any one but herself, and her young hopeful?
And he hadn't a near relative in the world! His
will wronged nobody. Can it be possible that
he will prove false to the sacred bond of our
early friendship?"

At this moment, Mr. Gurley became conscious
that his pretty niece was gazing at him with an
expression of inquisitive surprise, and as he did
not choose to enter into any further explanation
on the subject with her, he resumed his newspaper and making a temporary barricade of
it, silently finished his breakfast behind the frail
intrenchment.

Now, nearly about that very time, John Har
"Very likely; but her uncle wants my husband—"
"Hush! here comes Mr. Harbinger. I've an
dean, y dear mother. Don't say a word to your
husband. Fil tell you something by and-by.
Oh! it will be capital! ha, ha ha!" exclaimed
Walter, tickled by his sudden fancy.
Mr. Harbinger approached, and getting into
the carriage, the three rode home, lamenting
with genial sorrow, the loss of the worthy uncle
and his charaming niece.
As the railway train whirled out of the depot, Mr. Gurley turned to Anna, and said he,
"Anna, that man's a hypocrite!" (meaning
John Harbinger, Esquire.) "And he's ruled by
his wife."
"Walter is a very clever young man, uncle,"
"Walter is a very clever young man, uncle,"
and the hand't an ear relative in the world! His
walter, tickled by his sudden fancy.

Mr. Harbinger approached, and getting into
the carriage, the three rode home, lamenting
with genial sorrow, the loss of the worthy uncle
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John Harbinger approached, and getting into
the carriage, the three rode home, lamenting
with genial sorrow, the loss of the

in sheardy missied its breakfast behind the fraintenent.

Now, nearly about that very time, John Harbinger, Esquire, sat at his breakfast-table, with his bride and her grown-up son, in a parlor some two hundred miles distant from the residence of two nundred miles distant from the residence of his friend, Robert Gurley, Esquire. And although the bride was affable and entertaining, still Mr. Harbinger's face was not altogether unclouded, nor his demeanor that of a thoroughly happy bridegroom.

"Are you not well, my love?" asked the bride, with tender solicitude.

"Your will, sir!" cried Walter, in sorrowful

surprise.

Yes—I—the fact is, my dearest Eunice, I—

must write to my friend Gurley. I have been strangely forgetful of Gurley—"
"Pray, my love," asked Mrs. H., mildly, "who is Mr. Gurley? You have never mentioned him to me before, I think. If he is a friend of yours, why did you not invite him to our—our—"

our—our—"
"There were 'no cards,' you know, my dear Eunice," interrupted her husband, hastily, "and—in fact, my love, I thought—I feared that Gurley—however, I'll write to him immediately. It will be all right, of course."
"What will be right, John, dear? I am really a most curious little body, and you can't keep any secrets from me, you know; indeed, you can't, John! Walter, your father has something to tell me, and three you know, my son—"

o tell me, and three you know, my son-

Walter took the hint, and a cigar, and left the room with a smiling, "Good-morning."

Thereupon, Eunice came and seated herself Thereupon, Eunice came and seated nersent upon her dear John's lap, and kissed him right on his somewhat grizzled mustache, and—there being no eavesdroppers at hand, what passed between them can never be accurately known.

But, on the second day thereafter, Robert Gurley, Esquire, received the following epistle:

But, on the second day thereafter, Robert Gurley, Esquire, received the following epistic:

Exton, August 3, 186—.

My Dear Friend—You wil, doubtless, have seen my recent marriage with the widow of the late Judge Wynkins, announced in the Exton journals. There were "no cards," or you would, of course, have received them. Our intercourse has been very rare of late years, owing to distance and engrossing occupations, but I trust our mutual friendship has remained unaltered. In my case, it certainly has. I shall write you more fully in a few weeks, but my present purpose is merely to set your mind at rest, in case you should—as you naturally may—feel any anxiety on the subject with regard to our ancient compact about our wills. Mrs. Harbinger is aware of the nature of this compact, and in the most unselfish and extraordinary spirit of disinterested affection, has begged me to make no change whatever in my testamentary dispositions, unless you positively desire it. She says we are mutually bound in honor to adhere to our agreement, unless we voluntarily agree to absolve each other from its conditions, and that she could not become the means of exercising, as it were, a moral force upon me or upon you through me, for the purpose of extorting such mutual absolution. My dear funite is the most generous woman in the world, and though the judge died comparatively poor, and Walter (my wife's son) has little or nothing, she feels that she has no right, as she says, to—in short, she desires me to assure you, that, as far as she is concerned, you need feel no anxiety about the will. But, my dear Gurley, on my own part, I may say, that, in case I should have a child or children by this marriage—however, I know I may rely upon your generous friendship, and so we will let the future take care of itself.

My wife and I both trust, that, if your avocation should permit you to leave Wyville, you will come and see us, and bring your charming niece, Miss Meldrick, to whom, pray, present my cordial regards, and believe me, as ever.

When Mr. Gurley had twice read this letter through, he sought his niece in the drawing-room, and, said he:
"Anna, how would you like to take a trip to Exton? My friend Harbinger invites us to make his bride and himself—not to mention the grown-room of a record for according his his bride and himself—not to mention the grown-up son—a visit. I have reasons for accepting his invitation, and if you have no objections—we can take Newport on our way, if you like, and spend a week there—what do you say?" "I shall be delighted!" exclaimed Anna. "It's dreadfully hot here. When shall we go?" "Devafter to morrow if you can get ready."

"Day after to-morrow, if you can get ready."

"Day after to-morrow, if you can get ready."

"Oh, I'll be ready; I've nothing to but to do pack up. How lucky that I've just got my new clothes from Mile. Chose, and that lovely hat from Paille's. I sha'n't want anything to speak of. A hundred dollars, uncle, will be quite enough to finish my little affairs with."

"Quite enough! Little affairs! Labould thin!

enough to linish my little affairs with."

"Quite enough! Little affairs! I should think so!" quoth Mr. Gurley, rather unamiably; "however, there's no use arguing or jewing you down, I suppose, as the money's your own, or will be some day, when your poor old bachelor uncle's gone to clover. So there's the hundred; and we will go by the afternoon train."

Forty-eight hours subsequent to this conversation between uncle and niece, John Harbinger, Esquire, received a letter of the most cordial character from his friend, Robert Gurley dial character from his friend, Robert Gurley, congratulating him on his marriage, offering to do what was agreeable to him in the matter of the will, though suggesting that there was time enough to think about that hereafter, as they were neither of them in any danger of speedy demise, and concluding by accepting the invitation, of which they proposed to avail themselves in ten days from that date, after passing a week at Newport.

Mr. Harbinger handed this epistle triumphantly to his dear Eunice. She read it carefully, pondered a single instant, said, "Humph! we'll see! I'm glad they're coming," and went out to ride with her dear John and Walter.

The week at Newport was a pleasant one, but, on the whole, monotonous as an incident. On the appointed day, Mr. Gurley and Miss Meldrick arrived at the mansion of the Harbingers, and were welcomed with great cordiality by that family.

They spent a delightful fortnight in each

ality by that family

ality by that family.

They spent a delightful fortnight in each other's society.

The ancient friendship of Messrs. Harbinger and Gurley was wonderfully quickened. They were inseparable, except when temporarily divided by Mrs. Harbinger's connubial position in the household

in the household.

They were as David and Jonathan—David Gurley and Jonathan Harbinger, so to speak.

As to the intercourse between Walter Wynkins and Anna Meldrick—given, a good-looking young fellow of three-and-twenty, and a pretty, piquante damsel of nineteen, and the result is more or less inevitable according to the opportunities. The opportunities of Walter and Anna were capital. And were capitally improved. Verb. sat.

At the end of the fortnight, Mr. Gurley and

At the end of the fortnight, Mr. Gurley and his niece tore themselves away.

A group composed of Mrs. Harbinger, her husband, and Walter, stood upon the railway pletform waying adjaw.

husband, and Walter, stood upon the railway platform waving adieux.

"Walter," said Mrs. Harbinger, when about to get into her carriage, "that man's a hypocrite," (meaning Robert Gurley, Esquire); "I'll talk to Mr. Harbinger."

"I wouldn't, mother," replied her son.

"Anna's a charming girl."

"Very likely; but her uncle wants my husband—"

quoth Anna, timidly, and not without a blush.
"I've no objection, my dear," replied Mr. G.,
with a smile. "But Harbinger and his wife
both want—they both hope I shall be the first

though the bride was affable and entertaining, still Mr. Harbinger's face was not altogether unclouded, nor his demeanor that of a thoroughly happy bridegroom.

"Are you not well, my love?" asked the bride, with tender solicitude.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" added her son, with respectful eagerness.

"No, thank you. Walter. I am quite well, my dear Eunice. I was—only—thinking—"

"Of what, love? Nothing that I may not know, I hope?" queried Mrs. Harbinger, archly.

"Oh, no! that is—I—I was just then thinking—of—my will?" exclaimed Mrs. H., with a start of graceful horror.

"Tickets, sir," said the conductors

After a few moments' silence, Mr. Gurley suddenly broke into a chuckle.

"A capital idea," said he, half to himself.

"Hll do it, by George! ha, ha, ha! It will be the richest thing—oh, ho, ho, ho?"

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Anna, thinking her uncle on the eve of a fit.

"Nothing—never mind now, my dear. Wait till we get home."

The rest of the journey was performed almost in silence, only broken by an occasional chuckle on the part of Mr. Gurley, or a passing remark on the landscape—which was not appreciated by the uncle—on the part of his niece.

They arrived in due time at home. "Tickets, sir," said the conductors

On the 10th of September, at nine o'clock and five minutes, Mr. John Harbinger, looking out of his breakfast-room window, beheld a young man with a large ledger under his arm pass by. An instant afterward, the door-bell rung. "It's the water-rent, probably, or the gas," said Mr. Harbinger, in reply to a question by Mrs. H.
"Or a hill," muttered Walter.

'Or a bill," muttered Walter.

"Or a bill," muttered Walter.

The parlor door opened.
"A telegraph, sir," said the servant; "and the messenger says, you'll be kind enough to write your name and time of receipt in the book," and he handed ledger and envelope to Mr. H.

"Year resite it Welfe Mr. H.
"You write it, Walter, while I read the message," said Mr. Harbinger, slowly tearing the

walter wrote, "John Harbinger, 9.15 A.M.—"

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Harbinger, suddenly, at the same time dropping the telegram

seizing the paper ribbon quickly.
Walter handed the book to the servant, and bade him take it to the messenger.
Mrs. Harbinger, somewhat pale, and in a nervous voice, read as follows:

EXTON, Sept. 10, 186—, 8 o'clock, A. M.

TO JOHN HARBINGER, ESQ., No. —, street, Wyville—R. Gurley died very suddenly at four o'clock
this morning. Funeral on the 13th.

P. TROVER.

Then all three were silent for a few moments. Mrs. Harbinger fidgety and pale; Walter ditto, and flushed; Mr. H. abstracted. Finally, "It —was—very sudden," said Mrs. H., looking at Walter.

Walter.

"Horribly sudden!" replied Walter, drawing a long breath, and looking furtively at Mr. H.
"Poor Gurley!" murmured Mr. Harbinger.
"I always thought—that is, I was always afraid he—he wasn't very strong, Eunice."
Mrs. H. made no answer, but in a moment,
"Who is P. Trover?" she asked.

"He's a friend of Gurley's, a young lawyer," replied her husband.

replied her husband.
Another interval of silence, while the break-

Another interval of sheare, while the break-fast was dispatched.

"Well," said Mr. Harbinger, at length, "if I had altered my will, now, Eunice, Gurley would have altered his, and you see what the result would have been. I never believed he would—I mean, I feared he would not—outlive me, poor fellow! Of course I must go on at

"Of course," echoed Mrs. Harbinger, though in rather an embarrassed manner. Then, after a moment's thought, she added: And you had better go with Mr. Harbinger,

Walter looked at his mother, and immediately said:
"Yes, certainly, with the greatest pleas—I mean, I am ready, of course, to be of any ser-

vice"
"We will start by the noon train, Walter,"
said Mr. Harbinger, with melancholy alacrity.
And so it was settled.
The 12 M. train from Wyville up met the
11.30 A.M. train from Exton down, at Zeddington station, where the leisurely interval of fifteen minutes was allowed for what the brakesman called "Ree-freshments."
Emerging from the cgr at this spot. Mr. Har-

Emerging from the car at this spot, Mr. Har-binger, whose sorrow had not impaired his ap-petite, and Walter, who had no grief to speak of, pushed their way to the refreshment counter seized upon such viands as were within

their reach.

In another instant, Mr. H., looking up, beheld a pair of eyes gazing at him from under a somewhat flushed brow, with a mixed expressomewhat inshed brow, with a finised expres-sion of amazement and indignation. The effect of this gaze upon his own face was instantane-ous and remarkable. He became pale, then crimson; his hand trembled and dropped his fork; he started back from the counter, and exclaimed:
"Good God! Ge-ge-Gurley! N-n-not

dead!"
"No more dead than yourself," replied that

gentleman, in a testy voice, clapping his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Pray, what the deuce does this mean, sir?" and he snatched a small roll of paper from his pocket, and spread it under Mr. Harbinger's nose.

Mr. H. looked mechanically at it, and read:

in that gentleman's focus of vision, and, "Perhaps, sir," said he, with a smile, "you will also account for this in the same manner!"

It was now Mr. Gurley's turn to grow flushed and confused. Just then the bell rung, and the three gentlemen were fain to hurry toward the

But here a new dilemma arose. Mr. Gurley was en route for Wyville, Mr. Harbinger and Walter were going to Exton. And while they stood irresolutely on the platform, the whistles blew, and both trains moved away in opposite directions, leaving them to arrange their affairs at their leisure.

at their leisure.

Thereupon, both becoming more collected, an explanation ensued. Walter confessed the trick was his, exculpating his mother by a filial falsehood. Mr. Gurley put his in the light of a little joke on his old friend Harbinger, and excused it on the ground that he merely wished to notice its effect on Mrs. H., who, he was convinced, had exercised a hostile influence upon his old friend with reference to his feelings to. his old friend with reference to his feelings to-

his old friend with reference to his teerings to ward himself.

The scene was an amusing one; each fully understood the true feelings of the other, and each strove to conceal these feelings, and deceive the other into the belief in his sincerity.

And, of course, neither succeeded in the least

At length, however, Walter put an end to the "situation," by the following proposition:
"My dear father," said he, "let us make the best of it, and forgive what has occurred. It would be a shame that a real friendship of years would be a sname that a real rendship of years should be broken by a question of mere sordidgain. Burn both your wills, and make such new ones as you please, in such form that this question can never arise between you again. There is a train up at half-past two, and one lown at three. If Mr. Gurley will allow me, I will accompany him to Exton, and pay my respects to his charming daughter, while you return to Wyville, and tell my mother what has happened. For all our sakes, I beg your consent to this pleasant way out of our fix."

"If Gurley is willing—" began Mr. Harbinger."

I agree, in case Harbinger will-"interrupt-

Their hands met, and the thing was settled. (But between you and me, kind reader, I do not believe that either felt specially proud of himself or grateful to his friend, for showing him up in the celebrated mirror of Nature, known to Shakspeare and others.)

Three days later, however, a new aspect was put upon the mutual domestic positions of the households Harbinger and Gurley, by the following epistle, which Mrs. Harbinger read aloud to her husband as he was shaving, (and which caused him to gash himself in three places, without swearing at the accident): Wait out swearing at the accident):

My story properly ends here, but I cannot re-rain from adding a characteristic incident. rain from adding a characteristic incident, which took place at the wedding of Walter and Anna Meldrick.

Just after the ceremony, Mr. Gurley and Mr. Harbinger went into the former gentleman's grady together.

Harbinger went into the study together.

"John," said Mr. Gurley, "I have made a new will; but I have not yet burnt my old one.
To do this, I waited until it could be done in

To do this, I waited until it could be done in your presence—"

"How singular!" interrupted Mr. Harbinger.
"I have had the very same idea myself, and, therefore, I have—"

"Not burnt your will, either, eh?" queried Gurley, with great vivacity.

"No, but I was going to say that I have brought it with me, as well as the new one, in order that we might, that is, that in case you—"

"Ah, yes, I see!" said Mr. Gurley, as Harbinger hesitated. "You still distrust me, John."

"I? oh, no, Robert! but you said you knew in short I fear that you rather distrust me,

"Let us end the matter at once, John," inter-pted Mr. Gurley, going to his writing-table. Here is my old will, and here is my new one—" And here are mine!" said his friend, produc-

"And here are mine?" said his friend, producing them from his coat-pocket.

"Into the fire goes No. 1," cried Mr. Gurley, suiting the action to the word.

"Ditto!" exclaimed Mr. H., imitating him.

"My new will leaves my whole fortune to Anna and her children," said Gurley, handing it to Harbinger.

"And mine gives everything, except my wife's portion to Walter," replied Mr. H., presenting the document to Gurley.

"We will put them both in Trover's keeping," said Mr. G.

Why not in Plevin's asked Mr. H. (Plevin was Mr. H.'s lawyer.) Trover is my particular friend," said Mr.

Gurley.

"So is Plevin mine," echoed Mr. H.

"But it strikes me—" began Gurley.

"But it seems to me—" interrupted Harbin-

After disputing for more than half an hour a this strange trifle, the matter ended by each entleman resolving to retain personal posses-What the final result of this arrangement may be, I cannot foresee, as all parties are still iving, and in a fair way to live for a tolerable

range of years to come.

But if I am spared to be present at the final disposition of the estates of Robert Gurley and John Harbinger, then deceased, I shall be rather surprised if I don't have a new episode to record as the sequel of DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

TO A FLY.

BY MRS. MARY COMSTOCK,

Thou little, buzzing, saucy thing!
I surely love thee not, and yet,
Fond memories of home you bring—
Of days I never can forget.
Of early childhood's sunny hours,
Ere sin and sorrow cast their blight,
When angels lurked among the flowers,
And all this world seemed pure and bright.
And when for thy sad freaks of sin,
The cruel trap was set for thee,
And I beheld thee tumble in,
It was my joy to set thee free!
A thief, and still an honest one,
You come to us in broad daylight,
And leave us, with the setting sun,
To take our peaceful sleep at night.
Not like thy hateful brother-pest,
Who glories in the midnight hour,
And comes with stings to break our rest,
Singing in triumph at his power!
Farewell, poor fly! I pity thee!
Thy sunny days will soon be o'er;
When next you come, perchance that she,
Who sings this lay will be no more.

Equality Eph,

SPORT AND PERIL IN TEXAS. BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "HAPPY JACK AND PARD," "THE CALIFORNIANS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. A HUMAN SNAKE,

FROM the hour of his leaving San Antonio, the day after the festivities, there was not an action, scarce a step of Colonel Overton's that was not watched and as carefully noted by a cunning and adroit spy. Dashing Ned knew what he was about when he selected Double Dan the strick that A better was lifed was did not for this duty. A better qualified man did not live. Of that cool courage that carries a man unflinchingly up to certain death, simply be-cause duty calls; shrewd and ready-witted; cause duty calls; shrewd and ready-witted; perfectly versed in wood and prairie craft; a master of his weapons; as swift and tireless of foot as a prairie wolf; when Double Dan once struck a trail, a bloodhound could as easily be choked off.

You will take the trail and follow that man "You will take the trail and follow that man night and day, no matter where he goes or what he does. Keep a record of everything. Never let him slip you until you can either safely swear that he is innocent of what we suspect, or until you know that he is connected with Equality Eph and his gang. If you think you can do this, good; if you doubt, say so, and I'll send Fred Meyer instead."

The two men were rivals in their claims as scouts, and no better incentive could be offered

ever.
And thus it was that while Overton was trailing Minnie Lamb to her fishing-place, he himself was shadowed so skillfully that not the faintest suspicion of mischief entered his mind or those of his red-skinned accomplices.

Squatting low in the midst of a dense mass of vines, Double Dan overheard every word of the conversation between Overton and his intended

She is the best girl in the world, and you don't know half her good qualities, my dear mother, tassure you. I could write pages on pages about her, but I forbear. She bids me give yon her dutiful love, and to say, that she hopes you will find her an affectionate daughter. As of course you will.

Mr. Gurley seems really pleased with the way things have turned out, and has said he should make his new will, at once, in favor of his dear Anna and her children. In this I believe him to be sincere, for he really loves his niece, and would be quite a good man, if he were not so selfish, and a little hypocritical.

I am sure you will approve of my choice, my dearest mother, and trust it will meet the approval of Mr. Harbinger. I shall be at home to-morrow night, D. V., with all particulars, My darling Anna is waiting to ride to the post-office with me, so farewell, or rather, au receir, and believe me your happy and loving son,

My story properly ends here, but I cannot repart to the province of the property of the really love of the post-office with me, so farewell, or rather, au receir, and believe me your happy and loving son,

My story properly ends here, but I cannot repart to the province of the province of the province blended curiously as he muttered to himself:

"Ef I hain't struck it rich, I don't want a cent! Lawd! ef the boss ondly knowed! would-n't he cuss an' r'ar an' sling things eendways? Waal I should re-mark! S'pose he did know, what'd he tell me? 'Go fer my sweetness, Double Dan, you pizen critter! Bu'st that ornery Grizzly Paw—set down on his pizen bucks ontel they squeal blue murder! Let Turn-over go to thunder, but fotch me back my lump o' sugar! That's what he would say; but he ain't year, an' I'm gwine to stick to what orders I've got a'ready. 'Yar's fer your skelp, Turn-over! Me 'I'd he bell me? 'Yar's fer your skelp, Turn-over! Me 'I'm gwine to stick to what orders I've got a'ready. 'Yar's fer your skelp, Turn-over! Me 'I'm gwine to stick to what orders I've got a'ready. 'Yar's fer your skelp, "Ef I hain't struck it rich, I don't want a cent! Lawd! ef the boss ondly knowed! wouldn't he cuss an' r'ar an' sling things eendways!
Waal, I should re-mark! S'pose he did know;
what'd he tell me? 'Go fer my sweetness, Double Dan, you pizen critter! Bu'st that ornery
Grizzly Paw—set down on his pizen bucks ontel
they squeal blue murder! Let Turn-over go to
thunder, but fotch me back my lump o' sugar!
That's what he would say; but he ain't yar, an'
I'm gwine to stick to what orders I've got
a'ready. Yar's fer your skelp, Turn-over!
Me 'nd my brother is gwin' fer ye: the twins o'
Bitter Root is a-b'ilin' over on your trail! Wake
snakes an' hunt your hole!"

Past the log cabin, over the river and up the
valley the half-breed sped, and after him came
Double Dan, running by sight whenever there
were bushes or other cover convenient for hiding in should the colonel look behind him; when
the ground was open, running by sight and
hearing. To most men the task would have

he ground was open, running by sight and hearing. To most men the task would have been a severe if not an impossible one; but to Double Dan such work seemed little more than blay. The long miles that he ran over that afternoon scarce dampened his leathery skin, and when the town of San Marcos was sighted, and when the set seed that Cyarton was bound ne became satisfied that Overton was bound hither, Double Dan fell into a walk, his breath-ng as even and regular as though he had merebeen taking a stroll for the good of his appe-

As he reached the last bit of cover, and not

caring to expose himself too soon, the spy squatted down, filled his pipe, and while smoking summed up his discoveries of that day.

"What did he tell the Injun? Take the gal to the Wolf of the Chaparral—which means Equality Eph—an' you'll git heaps o' whisky. Ef my brother wasn't so durned contrairy—ef

Ef my brother wasn't so durned contrairy—ef we was the kind o' twins what kin travel two ways to once—what a soft snap that'd 'a' bin! By jest follerin' them red-skins—but orders is orders. The boss said: 'You foller Turn-over,' an' I'm bound fer to do it.

"Then what'd he say! 'You take this billy-duck an' give it to the Wolf; likewise the gal.' Ef that don't show the two pizen critters is workin' in cahoot, then I don't want a cent! You kin kick an' squirm, Turn-over, but I've got the ondergrip on ye, an' I never lose my holts!

olts!
"Then what does he say to the gal—which is
"Then what does he say to the gal—which is "Then what does he say to the gal—which is the cap'n's sweetness? Says he: 'Pil see ye ag'in, honey, in a couple of days.' What does that pan out? The gal goes to Equality Eph's keer, then ef he wants to see her ag'in, Turnover must nat'ally 'tend to call on him. An' ef he calls on him, won't I be 'long, too? An' won't that fetch the two trails into one? Good Lord! yes!" And the bass-falsetto laugh of Double Dan rung out in high glee, as he once more resumed his trailing.

On entering the town, almost the first object that met Double Dan's eye was the horse of Overton standing before the dingy inn. Trusting in his disguise, the spy boldly entered the bar-room,

ton standing before the dingy inn. Trusting in his disguise, the spy boldly entered the bar-room, finding the landlord alone, white and trembling from his interview with the colonel. At nearly the same moment Overton summoned him, and demanded refreshments in a private room. As the Mexican returned from showing his dreaded customer to his room, he was accepted by Dan Existence to his room, he was accosted by Dan.

Again the wretched fellow seemed on the rack.

"You know who I be. You bain't fergot the

warnin' the boss give you, nuther. I'm here on business. Is they any way I kin git a look at that man you jest tuck to a room? Ef you kin manidge this, it'll be one count in your favor when the settlement comes."

Afraid to trust his tongue, the landlord led Double Dan into an adjoining room, and show-

Double Dan into an adjoining room, and show-dhim a small peep-hole which commanded the table at which Overton sat. Leaving Dan here, he hastened to fill the half-breed's order.

From this loop-hole, Dan saw Overton count over the money he had just received from the Marvins, and overheard his muttered com-ments. And it was from his hands that, half Warming to the hunt Double Dan followed Overton through the town and over the prairie, dogging him like a human sleuth-hound. As the sun set and the shades of night began to

deepen, he quickened his pace and gradually lessened the distance which had divided him and his quarry, for Overton was now riding over the prairie where there was no regular trail, and he could afford to run no risks.

It was at this moment that Overton awoke from his deep thinking, and cast a keen glance around him. Though Double Dan instantly fell flat upon his face, he knew that he had been seen. Peering through the grass-blades, the spy saw Overton wheel and dash toward him. There was too much at stake to risk an encoun-ter, and Double Dan crawled rapidly away from ter, and Double Dan crawled rapidly away from the trail at right-angles. Fortune still stood his friend, for he came upon a burrow of the prairie-wolf, and grasping a "tumble-weed"—one of the curiosities of the prairie—he backed into the hole, though not without a suspicion that he might be disagreeably saluted by the occupants of the burrow, perhaps a rattlesnake, and drawing himself into a wonderfully small compass, pulled the tumble-weed over his head. Thus it was that the close search of the half-breed was in vain though more than once he passed with-

in vain, though more than once he passed with-in a dozen feet of his prey, had he only known it.
Guided by his ear, Double Dan crawled from his novel refuge, and once more took the trail, now befriended by the gloom. He was not fifty yards from the little knoll when Overton lit his signal, and waiting patiently the spy was at length rewarded by seeing a second figure outlined against the sky-line. As soon as he saw

length rewarded by seeing a second figure outlined against the sky-line. As soon as he saw them settle down, and caught the faint fumes of burning tobacco, he stole stealthily up to the mound. Lying flat upon his stomach, and making sure that the wind was in his favor, lest the horses should scent his presence, he ventured still closer until not twenty feet divided him from the conspirators, and their every word was distinctly audible.

The emotions with which he listened to the diabolical plot which Overton divulged, can readily be imagined. His blood tingled with a fierce joy as he saw how easy it would be to turn the whole game into the channel of justice, and in his eagerness to not miss a word, he narrowly escaped being discovered by the Whirlwind when, the interview over, the Kiowa left the knoll.

until you know that he is connected with Equality Eph and his gang. If you think you can do this, good; if you doubt, say so, and I'll send Fred Meyer instead."

The two men were rivals in their claims as scouts, and no better incentive could be offered than this hint, as the Ranger captain well knew. And from that hour Double Dan was Colonel Overton's shadow.

For several days his vigilance was unrewarded, but in his heart Double Dan felt that his hour would come, and he was right. He saw the meeting between Overton and Grizzly Paw, the Lipan sub-chief, though he was unable to steal near enough to overhear their talk. When they separated, the Indian to collect his braves, the other to haunt the vicinity of the Lambranch, Double Dan watched Overton closer than ever.

And thus it was that while the sub-chief was the relation of the complete success which had rewarded his efforts, when Overton abruptly drew rein, a bright flash lit up the gloom, and with the sharp report the half-breed fell from his horse. Taken so completely by surprise, Double Dan stood amazed for near a minute. He saw a man spring upon Overton, and tear open his clothes. At this a flood of light filled his brain, and with a loud yell he sprung toward the assassin. With a yell of alarm the fellow left his victim and Red at top speed through the might.

CHAPTER XX

HONOR FOR LOVE "HALE! or I fire! I command this trail, and no man passes here without my permission!"

A very queen of the wild wood looked Missouri Belle as she uttered these words, clear and imperious. Never had she looked so thoroughly, so intoxicatingly beautiful as then. Her

Three days later, however, a new aspect was put upon the mutual domestic positions of the households Harbinger and Gurley, by the following epistle, which Mrs. Harbinger read aloud to her husband as he was shaving, (and which caused him to gash himself in three places, without swearing at the accident):

WYILLE, Sept. 14, 186.

Wy YILLE, Sept. 14, 186.

Wy DEAR MOTHER—All's well that ends well, and our little flazeo has certainly culminated in the most on the half-breed was knocked senseloss beneath the water by the desperate maiden. He also saw her subsequent capture and the rescue of our little flazeo has certainly culminated in the most one word of what followed.

When Grizzly Paw strode away, followed by charming and happiest manner, so far as I am concerned, at all events. Not to keep you waiting, (indeed I know you will skip everything I say till you find the point of my letter,) I have asked my dearest Anna to be my wife, and she has consented!

Squatting low in the midst of a dense mass of vines, Double Dan overheard every word of the our wines, Double Dan overheard every word of the latter part of the interview, chuckling beneath his breath as then. Her eyes were twin stars, her face pale, save where two brilliant spots of scarlet marked her cheeks; the water by the desperate maiden. He also saw her subsequent capture and the rescue of the water by the Lipans. Nor did he miss one word of what followed.

When Grizzly Paw strode away, followed by his braves in charge of Minnie Lamb, and Colonel Robert and the most of the interview, chuckling beneath his breath as them. Her eyes were twin stars, her face pale, save where two brilliant spots of scarlet marked her cheeks; the water by the desperate maiden. He also saw her subsequent of the interview, chuckling beneath his breath as them. Her eyes were twin stars, her face pale, save where two brilliant spots of scarlet marked her cheeks; the water by the Lipans. Nor did he miss one word of what followed.

When Grizzly Paw strode away, followed by her defini

will run those wolves down."

Without awaiting the reply, Dashing Ned gave his horse free rein and sped after the spotted mustang, who was bearing its mistress swiftly toward the morning sun. One backward glance the fugitive cast, then devoted her every energy and art to maintain her vantageground. And right nobly the little mustang rewarded her efforts. Swift and hardy, it scarce seemed to feel the burden it bore, but brushed the dewdrops from the bending blades of grass with the long, low leaps of a hard-pressed antewith the long, low leaps of a hard-pressed ante-

giving place to a long, narrow opening that apparently extended for miles both east and west.

As he broke through the brush, Dashing Ned, guided by his ear, saw Missouri Belle riding at full speed down this natural race-course, heading toward the east. A single glance showed him that the trail of the retreating Wolves led directly across the opening. For a brief space he hesitated. Duty bade him pursue the outlaws; but his heart opposed. Love and a sickening doubt urged him to overtake the fair fugitive; and love conquered.

"Wait here for me," he said, turning to his lieutenant and forcing himself to speak deliberately lest he should betray his great agitation. "That woman may have important information. I can capture her in a few minutes. Then we will run those wolves down."

Without awaiting the reply, Dashing Ned gave his horse free rein and content of the sast and west.

In those first moments Double Dan was filled with a hatred as bloodthirsty and fierce as it was short lived. He considered Colonel Overton as his own game, and looked upon the interference of the wayside assassin as a personal injury to himself. Thus, when he uttered his yell and leaped forward, weapon in hand, the fallen man's nearest friend could not have been more thoroughly resolved to avenge his assassin fed at full speed, and seemed winged by fear, but there was one upon his track whose muscles of steel had more than once worn out stanch horses. Foot by foot the assassin was overhauled. A dozen times had Double Dan raised his revolver to end the chase by a shot, but as often had he hesitated. He knew not who might be lurking within a pour long of the considered Colonel Overton as bloodthirsty and fierce as it was short lived. He considered Colonel Overton as his own game, and looked upon the interference of the wayside assassin as a personal injury to himself. Thus, when he uttered his yell and leaped forward, weapon in hand, the fallen man's nearest friend could not have been more thoroughly resolved to avenge his assassinately lea

knew not who might be lurking within ear-

shot.
"They's more'n one way o' killin' a cat!" he muttered, as he shifted his grasp from the butt to the barrel of his heavy revolver, then hurled the weapon full at the flying figure with all the

force of his sinewy arm.
Stricken fairly between the shoulders the fellow plunged heavily forward upon his head, and the next moment Double Dan alighted upon his back, both hands closing like a vise upon his

the dewirps from the scaling blades of gase with the long, low legs of an Art-freewest and a hard-freewest like a nice would be long. It was not the worded clasticity in its movements, and and the brief law as not its worded clasticity in its movements, and and the brief law and the pain-innasing was fairly like a nice would be continued. The seasons was seemed as two thirds are the pain-innasing was fairly like a nice would be continued in the pain-innasing was fairly like a nice would be continued in the pain-innasing was fairly like a season was seemed as two that the pain-innasing was fairly like and the brief law of the pain-innasing was fairly like and the brief law of the pain-innasing was fairly like and the pain-innasing was fairly like and the pain-innasing was fairly like and the pain-innasing was fairly like as season was seemed at the pain-innasing was fairly like and the pain-innasing was fairly like and the pain-innasing was fairly like and the pain-innasing was fairly like a season was seemed and the pain-innasing was fairly like a nice because wisible. This wors a many as na wild cond, to convince his charge. This wors a many as na wild cond, to convince his charge the because wisible that the pain-innasing was fairly like the pain-innasing was fairly like and the pain-innasing was fair

which you and your Suid. Use are manufacted and the fact. Do you always take a pike so seriously? Or did you mistake with a pike so seriously? Or did you mistake with a pike so seriously? Or did you mistake the provided amount of the mistake some of the provided amount of the provided amount of the mistake some of the provided amount of the p

here."

I must, "responded the young woman, averting her head. "I lied when I said that your love was returned."

here."

Double Dan drew a small flask from his pocket and shook it regretfully. Evidently he deemed it a shame to waste good liquor on such an love was returned."

enter into the spirit of the scene, for it stood as firm and motioriess as a rock, though its eyes shone brightly from beneath its shagey forelock.

As the spirit of the scene, for it stood as firm and motioriess as a rock, though its eyes shone brightly from beneath its shagey forelock.

As the spirit of eye rein, with a cry, not of all the state of the reckon he thought he'd woke up in brimstone land, sure enough!"

But Double Dan's work was not yet finished. He drew his belt a notch tighter, and with one keen glance at the pole-star, started in a swift, steady run across the prairie. Despite the long distance he had already traveled upon foot since eating or sleeping, the scout ran as fresh and strongly as though fatigue was unknown to him. For hour after hour he maintained his pace, never faltering, not once pausing for breath. The man was one mass of tireless muscle. He had never met his equal, and to this day the curious can gather stories of his marvelous fleetness of foot and matchless endurance, among the old stagers of the Southwest. Double Dan is no fancy sketch.

The night was far spent when Double Dan's race was ended. He entered a dense clump of timber and undergrowth, pausing near its center, to utter a peculiar, long-drawn and quavering whistle. He listened for a reply, but none came. Twice he repeated the signal, then, with an exclamation of disgust, he advanced to what appeared to be a pile of brush and vines. Fulling a portion of the latter aside, he opened a small, stout door and entered a low, cunningly-concealed cabin. Striking a match he peered around him. The cabin bore traces of recent occupation. The light faded and Double Dan stood thinking. His disappointment was great. It was important that he should meet the owner of this secret tabin, yet he had scant time to lose.

"Mebbe he'll be in time, yit," he muttered.

"I'll avol was 'not very wing her because I love somebody in this town." I listened breathlessly, for "Shorty's "secrets weer very important ones to me.

"I listened breathlessly, for "Shorty's becovery inthis town."

I was astonished at even "Shorty" aspiring for her hand, for was she not a perfect angel, and the belle of the town, and was she not a perfect angel, and the belle of the town, and was she not a perfect angel, and the belle of the town, and was he not a little of the town, and was a queen a function of the latt

stood thinking. His disappointment was great. It was important that he should meet the owner of this secret tabin, yet he had scant time to lose.

"Mebbe he'll be in time, yit," he muttered.
"I'll lay down an' ketch a couple or two winks on the chaince."

Curling up in a pile of dried grass and leaves, Double Dan fell asleep almost immediately. He possessed the rare faculty of awaking at just the minute he had determined upon beforehand, nor was this case an exception. Day was just dawning when he awoke. He was still alone, He cautiously stepped outside and whistled, but, as before, without any response. Re-entering the cabin, he took down a bit of jerked meat from a store that hung from the rafters and began eating.

"Ef I could only write!" he muttered, anxiously.

But Double Dan was not one long to despair. As usual a happy thought came to his aid. Grinning with delight he took down a buck-skin shirt that hung upon the wall, and spread it out before him. Then, laying in a stock of cinders from the rude fireplace, he began painting his report.

First he drew what was intended for a man, but in a miraculously distorted position. Just

eport.
First he drew what was intended for a man, but in a miraculously distorted position. Just above this was drawn a bird's head, with a snake in its mouth. To the right was a smaller figure with big eyes, a wonderful head of hair,

single in the figure with big eyes, a wonderful head of man, and flowing skirts.

With his head upon one side, Double Dan eyed his work with complacent approval.

"It's clear as mud, ef I do say it! A blind man could see that that pizen critter is turnin' a summerset, an' thar's Turn-over's totem—"

He paused abruptly and raised his eyes. The door was pushed partly open, and a man's head entered. It was the face and head of Colonel Overton, the half-breed!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 448.)

"He paused abruptly and raised his eyes. The door was pushed partly open, and a man's head entered. It was the face and head of Colonel Overton, the half-breed!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 448.)

"Yes; why?"
"Because we will have a game to-morrow."
I was astonished, yet delighted. I turned to take one more admiring look at my partner before I began a new stick. He was sitting before his case perfectly straight, and to say that he was very swift would be putting the case too mildly. He seemed to compose whole words in a moment. While I struggled with the spaces on a single line I would hear his rule click several and the same of two processing the same of the second as ingle line I would hear his rule click several and the same of the same of the second as ingle line I would hear his rule click several and the same of the same

love was returned."

I lied when I said that your love was returned."

But why? if you did not love me, why did you lead me on to hope for such happiness? Or since you did, why not let me dream on! Why awaken me now?"

Because I have grown sick of such constant deceit. No—I will be perfectly truthful with you now. That was not the whole reason. Since then—I have learned what it is to love. I can realize now the wrong I did you, and as the only amends I can make, I open your eyes to the truth. You do not ask who I love, and I thank you. It would pain me to refuse you anything more, and I could not tell you his name."

"I can guess, Isola. I have not forgotten that might at the Golden Harvest. You were masked, but I knew your voice too thoroughly to mistake."

"You knew—and you treated me as a stranger?"

"Was it so strange? I loved you; and so I trusted you. I felt sure that you would explain all in good time."

"Edward Conway, you are fortunate! Had I known you as well before—but never mind. The past is past."

"But may it not be recalled, Isola? You have

Never.
"Then," said he, "I will tell you one,"
He leaned his head over as if to whisper.
I listened breathlessly, for "Shorty's" secrets
were very important ones to me.
"I am staying here because I laye correlated."

man,
Just
th a
great thump, for, much as I fancied that I disliked the girl, it required only one kind word
hair,
from her lips to melt my susceptible boyish
heart, and bring me to her feet, a very wor-

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CONTENTS OF No. 26. CONTENTS OF No. 26.

After me,
A maiden's prayer,
Annie o' the banks o'
Dee,
Another sweet face in
the cradle,
A sweet song-bird was
singing,
Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
Be quiet, do, I'll call my
mother,
Blow your own trumpet,
Blue-eye'd violets,
Bounding billows,
Bounding billows,

My heart is true,
"Norah, the pearl of
Tralee,"
Parade of the guards,
Passing away into sunlight,
Rouse, brothers, rouse,

et,
Blue-ey'd violets,
Bounding billows,
Burial of Sir John Moore,
Tar de kitchen,
Cone along, do,
Come along, do,
Dence, come away,
Dance, boatman, dance,
Dick Murphy from T. C.
D.

Come, come away.
Dance, boatman, dance,
Dick Murphy from T. C.
D.,
Drink to me only,
Ever be happy,
Give me a cot,
"God bless my dear old
mother!"
Huldy Ann, how is your
mother?
I dreamt that I dwelt in
marble halls,
I'll be no submissive
wife,
I'll see him just once
more,
I'm not such an ugly
man,
Jamie's on the stormy
sea,
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BY JOE JOT, JR.

I watch upon the crowded street
To mark the crowds that hurry by,
Ab, in the faces that I meet
How much I read with earnest eye!

Here comes a man with bastening feet;—
He is some hopeful mother's son;
He looks behind with glances fleet—
He is escaping from a dun.

And here's a man with eager eye, And with a steady look before; His feet seem nimble in life's race-He is after him who is the ower.

Here with a sachel one goes past; What goal in life allures him so? What purpose grand, allurement vast? The train that's gone some time ago!

Here comes a very cheerful man, Aná o'er his face the glad smiles roam; What pleasure on his face you scan? He has just got away from home.

There is one who wears a far-off gaze; Of mundane things he's full of scorn; His slow feet pick their thoughtful ways— He has the luxury of a corn.

Who's this who comes with wrinkled brow, And frowning scowl, and firm-set jaw, Quite heedless of the friends who bow? He goes to meet his mother-in-law.

With long curled hair and step elate
And clothes well worn and figure tall
He hastens onward to his fate—
A poet with an ode to Fall. This person loiters on the way; He's not in haste; his step is slow; He is going home if it takes all day; His dinner's late;—it's always so.

Come stand aside, let that man pass; He dives promiscuous through the crowd; What eagerness is in his face! That free lunch sign is just hung out.

Look at this fellow with sad eye; How languidly his limbs doth move Unmindful of who pass him by— A suffering victim of pure love!

With pinched-up visage, look most sour, This man goes by with ancient coat, To pay a note due just this hour Lest he should lose another groat.

My heart be still! There comes a girl! Such loveliness you seldom see; How doth it set my head in whirl— But, there's my laundress looking for me!

Wild Western Tales.

JOHN LEE'S LAUNDRY

A STORY OF THE MINES.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

Poor Deadwood!

1 often wonder that that city of the Black Hills has actual existence, after all the stories and novels that have been written of it, although many of them have embraced truthful scenes. To get the true idea, you need to either go in person, or get in with an "old resident," and have him give you a yarn. An old miner, back but a few weeks from the Hills, "got away with" the following narrative, and declared it to be true:

with "the following narrative, and decared it to be true:
"Wal, yas, I've cum back ter the States, pilgrim, but not ter stay, no sir-ee! Ye see how it was, the old folks ar' gettin' purty well on toward ther shinin' shore, an' et struck me I'd best come visit 'em once ag'in afore it's their turn ter go on ther last minin' trip up ther Golden

Stair.

"How long I bin away? Wal, let me see: et's nigh about—my wife Sally died an' I pulled out ther next yeer—wal, et's nigh about thirty year, stranger, since I went ter ther mines.

"I war even twenty-four, then, an' calkylated thar warn't many as could lick me, ef I did cum from ther States. I knocked about here and thar for twenty year; bin clean frum Californy up ter ther Black Hills; tuk a hand in nearly every strike or minin' stampede, an' hayr I am, at ther age o' fifty-four, wi'out as much as an old woman ter cumfert me, or a

year old apiece, now—an' bid 'em good-by full I cum purty tough ter say good-by, wi' ther realization thet yer ain't a gon' ter see 'em ag'in in ther flesh; but, bizness ar' bizness, an' I'm goin' back ter ther Hills.

"Gold? Wal, yes. Thar's a supply o' ther article in them Hills as is goin' ter outlast you or I, pilgrim, fer all thar ar' too many galoots thar ter ther squar' inch o' territory. Labor is cheap—a man hes ter work fer a dollar an' two bits or two dollars a day, out o' which he hes ter pay fer his board, an' he don't hev ter grumble about thar bein' ter many wittles, neither. I didn't do thet way. I went a-huntin' on Sundays, an' layed in my own grub. Got a Chinaman ter cook it fer me fer awhile, but found he tuk et on hisself to support a hull Chinese family out my larder, so I bounced him, you bet!

"Chinamen—ar' thar menny? Wal, ef I didn't know ye warn't isnorant, I shed larf at ye, fer sech a question. Why, 'twixt you an' me, thar's one o' ther Celestials every ten feet—almond-eye, pig-tail an' all—fact, by gracious. We hev'em thar o' all grades an' breeds; sum wi pig-tails, an' sum wiout; a great menny dishonest ones, an' a durned few thet's honest or ken bettrusted.

"Speakin o' ther galoots, reminds me o' John Lee, one o' ther cusedest o' cuses thet ever grow'd in them Hills. He war a dandy, war John, wi' his pig-tail clipped off, an' sum real style in him, an' don't ye fergit et. He wore as nobby clothes as any o' ther swells, an' a plughat, diamond pin stuck ento his b'elled shirt, an' patent leather boots onter his feet; in fac' he war a sorter nabob as well as any o' ther straight-eyed mortals.

Furst I evyer see'd o' him, he cum ter Gray's diggin's, last year, leased a chunk o' ground cluss ag'in' ther mountain base, an' hirred a gang, o' men ter stick him, un a skenty. Then be read ag'in the strategin on the stray of the stray of the restriction of the stray of the stray of the restriction of the stray of t

diggin's, last year, leased a chunk o' ground luss ag'in' ther mountain base, an' hired a gang 'men ter stick him up a shanty. Then he stuck out his sign, and we were apprised of ther fact thet John Lee was a laundryman. But he didn't do ther scrubbin', not any fer Johnny! He hired

"But the almond-eyed galoot shuk his head, an' he sez, sez he:
"'Notee any fightee for Chinee man; he stay an' washee Melican man's shirtee for ten centee; Melican man he go hunt for agents, losee day's work, an' gettee much he foolee, allee samee!"
"An', d'ye b'lieve it, pilgrim, we couldn't hire thet galoot ter go along wi' us; he war as obstinate as ary old mule ye ever see'd, an' no mistake. So we started on wi'out him, wi' nigh about all ther fightin' men o' ther town along place the

king's men.
Genia Monk, the young creature just mentioned, was fierce and outspoken against the Cavaliers; and though Prissie Maxton believed that she had betrayed their retreats to Old Ironsides' merciless troopers, she did not upbraid the girl.

Melican man he go hunt for agents, losee day's work, an' gettee much he foolee, allee samee!

"An', d'ye b'lieve it, pilgrim, we couldn't hire thet galoot ter go along w'l us, he war as obstinate as ary old mule ye ever see'd, an' no mistake. So we started on w'lout him, wil night about all ther fightin men o'ther town along were born!" She was forced to fly from her home, which the king's men ladid an sless. From place they hunted the fair girl; these. From place they hunted the fair girl; they warded war being gin's we found thet them cusses hed bin thar frum another direction, an' gone thru ther town, appropriatin' all thet war vallyable—gold, wittles an' sech as they could carry.

"After thet we war purty desprit, an' I war hard gang ter tackle, but we laid low for 'em.

"One night I an' Bill Ackley war settin' in ther I alundry offis, chattin' wi' John Lee, when a rough-lookin' customer entered, an' passed thru inter a rear part o' ther buildin', slammin' a door belind him. We seed do'nt Lees cowd, an ano likee him muchee, 'replied ther pig-tailed galoot. Even then we didn't suspect anything, pilgrim, but we got our eyes opened, at ear awhile.

"I'l was proposed that we all go off on another road-agent hunt, an' cum back after a little galoot. Even then we didn't suspect anything, pilgrim, but we got our eyes opened, at ear awhile.

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"I'l was proposed that we all go off on another road-agent hunt, an' cum back after a little gilled into the ball and thence to the great of my from her home, which the king's men hald in asks. From phase, From phase,

It did not take Puritan Prissie a moment to

"Give her up and save the house in which two kings were born!" came the threatful cry. "In a moment you shall have my answer!" was the maiden's reply. "Be it a brief one! We cannot tarry here till

we passed John Lee's laundry on our way in s'arch o' ther galoots, Bill Ackley had us stop an' he called ther Celestyal out, and invited him along wi' us, fer he war a prime favorite, war John Lee.

"But the almond-eyed galoot shuk his head, an' he sez, sez he:

"Your groaning mother'll be turned out of doors, and our torches be thrown into her bed. We want the witch who kneels at your side. Give her up, and we will ride away with no harm done to Maxton House."

Genia Monk, the young creature just mentioned, was fierce and outspoken against the Notee any fightee for Chinee man; he stay an' washee Melican man's shirtee for ten centee;

But, one day, while on this journey, a snow-

slept as sweetly as a b'ar in his winter hibernation.

"But, one day, while on this journey, a snowstorm set in, and when night come on I looked around for a better bed than I'd been used to. I found a great holler log that just suited me to a gnat's eye. It war wide open at one eend and nighly closed at the other. Into this lowly domicile I dragged my weary length, and snuggled down for a quiet rest, while the icy fingers of the storm wove its shroud of white over the dead year, as the poet says.

"Wal, I hadn't laid thar long when I heard a peculiar noise that sounded like the "skirr-r-" of a rattlesnake; but, great Cæsars! I knowed a rattler couldn't be out in that season of the year. With this assurance I convinced myself it war the wind outside with its whistle choked by the fallin' snow. But I soon had reason to change my mind, for presently I heard the same sound ag'in, accompanied by a movement in the log. I raised my eyes, and, great Valley of Shadows! thar, before me, I beheld two dull, glowin' orbs of fire that seemed to dart rays of diabolical inchantment into my very soul! Then I knowed what made that strange noise. It war the purring of a panther—a real, live, vicious, rantankerous panther.

"I tell ye what, boys, my blood run cold as the winter blast beatin' around me, and my old heart thumped against that log until I war afeard it would participate the panther onto me; and, in that case, it would be 'good-by, Nathan Thorne.' Couldn't I shoot it? No; I was so cramped up in that log that I couldn't draw my gun, or pistol, either; and I knew the daisy before me well enough to know that he'd take the fust movement on my part for a challenge and wade into me teeth and toe-nails. No, boys, my only holts lay in keepin' still and look-in' this, it suddenly occurred to me that the panther must wade over me to git out o' the log. As thar wer'n't over six or eight inches between my back and the top of the log, I see'd thar war a chance for some desperate fun afore both of us got out."

"But what has this t

asked, impatiently.

"Keep your peace," replied Natty, "and I'll fix that. You see, that panther had me whar the hair was short, and I'd begun to think bcut squarin' up my earthly account with my conscience, when suddenly I heard a voice exclaim, 'Oh Lord' in a dispairin' cort of a way. I lie. science, when suddenly I heard a voice exclaim, 'Oh Lord!' in a dispairin' sort of a way. I listened, and, true as I live, I diskivered that some poor human wretch was outside in the storm at the panther's end of the log. I listened, and learned by his own words that he war lost in the storm, and seemed to be perishin'. I heard him talkin' away, but as there was no response, I diskivered he war talkin' to himself. And I diskivered, also, that he was in a fair way o' passin' in his checks. He tried to light a fire in the panther end of the log, but the wind put it out every time afore the blue blaze left the match. Then the man would swear in as smooth, graceful and yit dispairin' language as I ever hearn in my life. Ah! but he war a glib-tongued feller, but of a very, very sinful nature!

nature!
"'This is my last match,' I finally hearn him say; and he struck it, and there in the midst of the mountains, under the deep shadders of night, in a howling storm, the match flared up and—then went out! Oh! such an unorthodox wail of agony as was wrenched from that feller's lips!—a wail that the storm mccked with demoniac glee, while the wind dashed a cloud of snow into his face and eyes as if with cruel spite.

snow into his face and eyes as if with cruel spite.

""This is the end of all my earthly hopes and ambition," I then hearn him say, and then he went on to prepare hisself to die. He fust made a confession of his sins and it war as long as the moral law. I thought he'd confess hisself to death. He told some things that 'made the flesh creep on my bones, but he told it all in a very easy, graceful way that showed he war used to it. He told some things that'd shock a wooden man, but finally he rounded off with a self-satisfied 'thar now,' as though the wust was overwith. Done with his confessions, he went to prayin', and I see'd at once he'd tackled a stranger. He couldn't handle his words on a prayer like he could on a confession, and so he labored along kind o' heavy and clumsy. I know he'd never done the likes afore, and the joke of it war, whenever a gust of wind 'd bounce a puff' o' snow into his face he'd ir now ta no ethe eatch. stand—" Loundhead's spawn. Prithee, let us He was interrupted by the descent of Priscilla's sword, and there was one Cavalier less to make work for Cromwell's troopers.

Falling headlong forward, he thrust his companions from the hall, and before they could resurn to resent the blow, even if they had so dered, they heard the portal shut, and the key lade it fast.

The rage of the Blacksocks now land the likes afore, and the joke of it war, whenever a gust of wind 'd bounce a puff o' snow into his face, he'd rip out an oath—catch hisself—ask pardon, and then go on with his foreign subject. Suddenly a thought seemed to have occurred to him, and he snatched off 'amen' in an awful sacrilegious hurry. The fact of it is, he'd found another match, and striking it is the dashed a handful of gunpowder on the blaze, he did, by Judas!

'Great gallinippers! them

in' it he dasbed a handful of gunpowder on the blaze, he did, by Judas!

"Great gallinippers! there was a puff, an oath, a growl, and me and that panther were blown half out o' the log; whar that dyin' saint landed I don't know, nor didn't keer at that time, for I supposed the panther 'd salivate me without further delay; but, please gracious, it didn't. The man, howsumever, 'd been successful. The dry, doted wood on the inside o' the log caught fire, and a perfect chunk of black smoke come a-rollin' down that log. The panther, I could see, lay bout the same distance from me, but the fire was eatin' down to'rds his tail pretty fast. The climax I see'd must soon come, and I The climax I see'd must soon come, and I braced myself for the ordeal. Just then the man outside begun singin' a song o' praise, the panther begun to growl, the fire to crackle—all in strange symphony with the sullen moan of the wind in the mountains.

"Suddenly there was a fearful scratching in the log; a cloud passed over my vision; the pan-ther sprung forward with scorched tail and— blest if he didn't wade right over me, cleared nal smoke-stack, cleared my lungs and eyes and peered over the log. And there they were, the panther and the songster, eyin'each other like a pair o' Sphinxes.

"The man's song had died on his parted lips that seemed frozen where the last word'd left. He was an elderly-lookin' man, with stubby, ron-gray whiskers, heavy brows and gray

es.
"The panther lay lashin' his tail ready for a

out his sign, and we were apprised of ther fact that do not be was a laundryman. But be divined to the several almond-eyed women ter do ther work will be set at his desk will one be at his desk will one with his grasp, an drew portraits of them and the other work will be set at his desk will one will be a his desk will be a his desk will one will be a his desk will be a his desk



BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The ax which fell upon the neck of the unfortunate Charles Stuart before Whitehall did not bring peace and security to England. The clashing of swords still echoed throughout the new Commonwealth; the "tug of war" came whenever doughty Puritan met valiant Cavalier and meet they did upon more conceiver.

These words, in a woman's despairing tones, fell suddenly upon Prissie's ears as she listened at the keyhole.

Then she sprung erect; the heavy key, worn at her girdle, grated in the lock, and as the por-tal opened, the figure of a woman fell into her

arms.
"Safe!" cried a voice, now couched in accents of joy. "Oh, Prissie, I did not intend to imperil you; but they followed me so swiftly that "God sent you to me, Genia!" was the answer. "Why, you are cold and wet."
"I have been running through the long grass

on the moor, and it is damp. They carry torches, Prissie, and I heard the jingling of their swords all the time."

The drenched clothes of the bunted woman ent a chill to Prissie Maxton's heart; but she fted the trembling figure from the floor, and

fore it into a dark place which was soon and ounced as a large chamber.

"I will strike a light, Genia," the Roundhead's aughter said, "Do you stand still while I wit the large."

hunt the lamp."

Dropping the hand which had come to Maxton house for safety, Prissie started to find the lamp; but she had not proceeded five feet before a flash of light fell upon the floor at her

"Mercy! They come!" cried the hunted girl.
Even over the threshold of your home, Prissie,

they follow me."
The white-faced speaker was at Priscilla Max-The white-faced speaker was at Priscilla Max-ton's side, and grasping her hand, she sunk ex-hausted upon the floor. The terrors through which Genia Monk had passed during the last fortnight, had almost unsettled her mind. She had lost the bloom of health and beauty which had made her famous almost to the steps of the palace, and now she looked the ghostly, hunted thing that she was.

made it fast.

The rage of the Blacksocks now knew no bounds. They resolved to storm Maxton House and put its immates to the sword. Their torches lit up the spacious court with a lurid glare; their oaths and execrations made the air heavy with blasphemy; and, with the hilts of their broadswords, they hammered furiously on the

But stronger rams than such weapons must orce the portals, if they expected to win the "Pound till dawn, my villains!" cried the tall Puritan girl, who standing in the hall, sword in hand, listened to the sounds of impo-

uddenly a strange noise startled the brave She heard cries, oaths, and sounds of mount-

Then came the ringing jingle of steel, mingled with the gallop of horses, and a voice, harsh and trong, was heard outside:

"Open! if ye live, which I profess ye do, for Puritan Prissie, with a cry of delight, threw dee the door, and a company of Roundheads

filled the hall.

Saved! Genia Monk was now brought from her hiding-place, and when she told the story of Prissie's bravery, the leader of the company turned upon his comrades:

"Uncover!" he cried. "My brethren, we stand before the woman who, single-handed, has gained a victory over the Blacksocks!"

Instantly every head was uncovered, and one old Puritan lined a psalm of triumph which was taken up by the others until the old house was filled with music.

Genia Monk remained with Puritan Prissie.

filled the hall.